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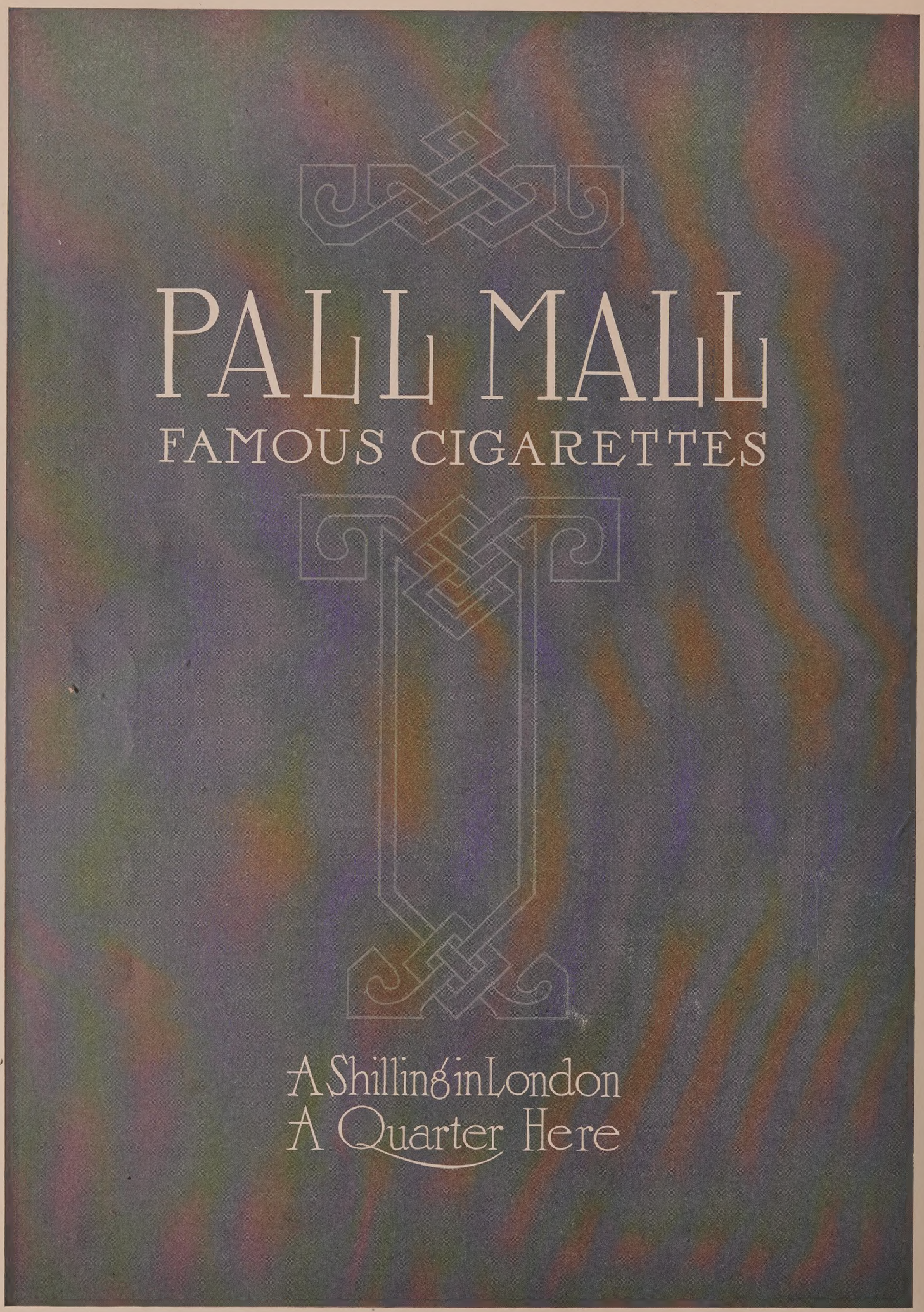
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

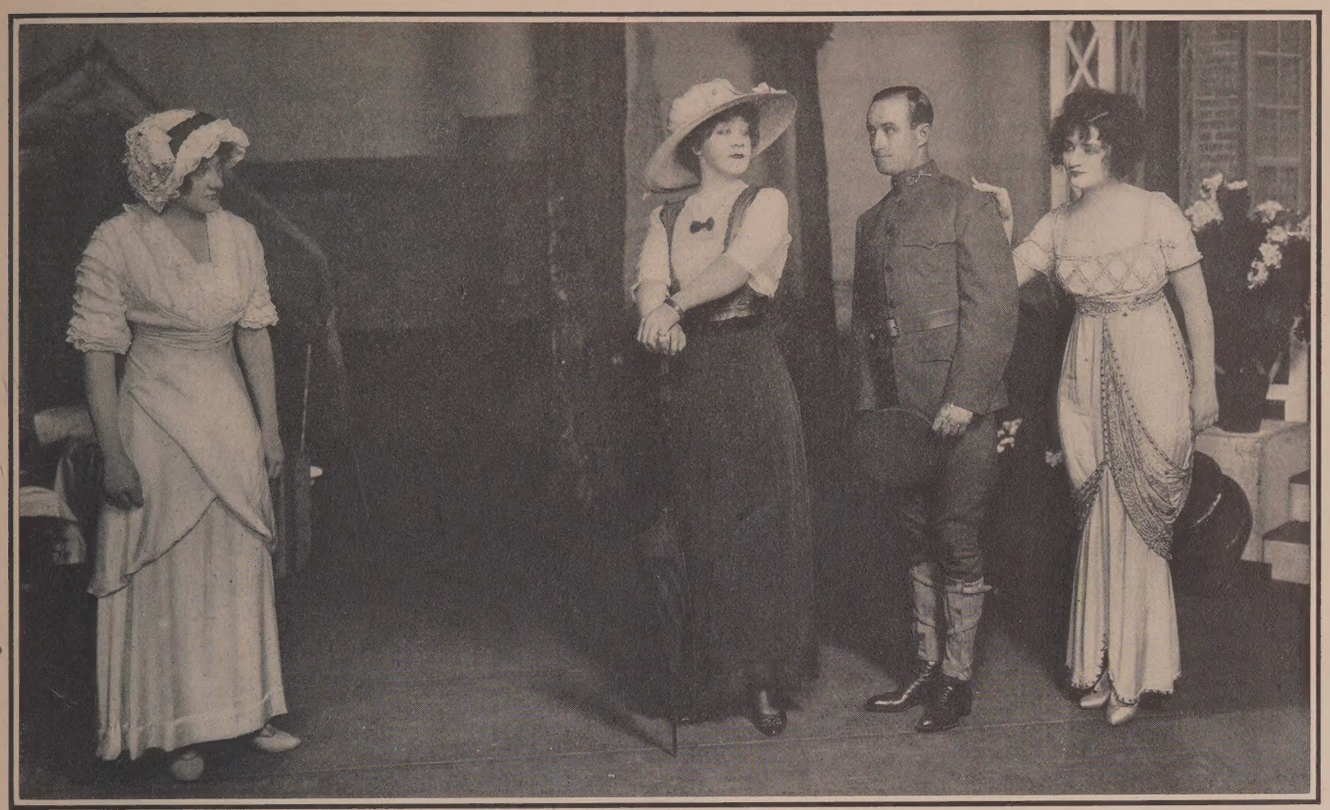

Photo White

Rita Stanwood Harriet Burt Clifton Crawford Olive Ulrich

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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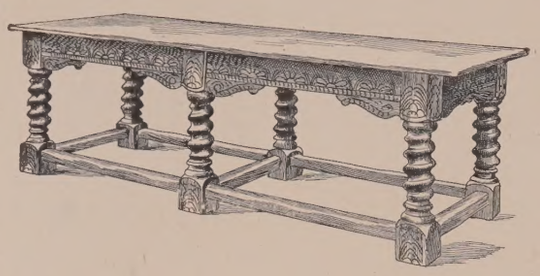

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THE THEATRE

VOL XVI OCTOBER, 1912 NO. 140

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White

Richard Gilder
(Orme Caldara)

Mary Turner
(Jane Cowl)

Act III. Richard: "Talk to me! Don't lose your nerve. Talk to me!"

SCENE IN BAYARD VEILLER'S PLAY, "WITHIN THE LAW," AT THE ELTINGE FORTY-SECOND STREET THEATRE

Copyright, Charles Frohman

BILLIE BURKE SINGING "MIND THE PAINT" IN "THE 'MIND-THE-PAINT' GIRL" AT THE LYCEUM

THE NEW PLAYS

EMPIRE. "The Perplexed Husband." Comedy in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced on September 2 last with this cast:

Thomas Pelling.....John Drew
Clarence Woodhouse.....Hubert Druce
Pitts .....Walter Soderling
Sophie Pelling.....Nina Sevening
Dulcie Elstead.....Margaret Watson
Agatha Margel.....Alice John
Kalleia .....Mary Boland

In "The Perplexed Husband" we have a little too much of Sutro and not quite enough of John Drew, but the popularity of this actor shows no trace of diminishment. He is always equal to his play, and sometimes better than his play, as in this instance. He is refined in personality and methods, and while he is always John Drew, he is infinite and unfailing in expression. What he does in this play, according to the prescription of the plot, is not very edifying or altogether reasonable, but he does it with so much humor and light and shade, and so humanly, that Sutro's more or less mechanical figure becomes real and delightful.

A man returns home after an absence of several months expecting to be greeted with the customary effusive love of his wife. Her manner has changed. She has found out that she has a soul of her own, and that a wife's attitude toward her husband should not be that of a dependent or in any way the inferior. She has installed in the house a leader in the feminist movement, called the Master, along with a suffragette friend, a strongminded woman. The husband's sister counsels strategy to get rid of the intruders and to bring the wife to her senses. The plan is simple enough, but artificial. The husband has had a typist, a beautiful and romantic creature so possessed of a Greek soul and high imaginings that he had discharged her. He now brings her to his home to measure temperaments and aspirations with the Master. The result is that the wife becomes jealous, the Master and the Greek dreamer are sent away to visit Athens together, and the wife returns to the arms of her husband, more than ever anxious to hold him by all feminine charms of dress, love and obedience. Thus, the play is hardly one that deals directly with the suffragist movement. It is delicate satire, but the dramatic argument does not touch the general question. It is as if the play were designed to enable Mr. Drew to express as many light emotions as possible in his own inimitable way. He begins with perplexity, passes through mild and incredulous surprise, uses self-suppression, is angry, mollified, specious in cajolery, gentle, firm, persuasive, everything in turn. Miss Mary Boland, as the typist, with the adopted Greek name of Kalleia, is the airy figure of good-nature satire employed by Sutro. Her gowns are classic and beautiful, designed by herself; her soul is really pure. In short, Kalleia, as played by Mary Boland, is a delightful piece of beautiful nonsense. The small cast is capable and agreeable.

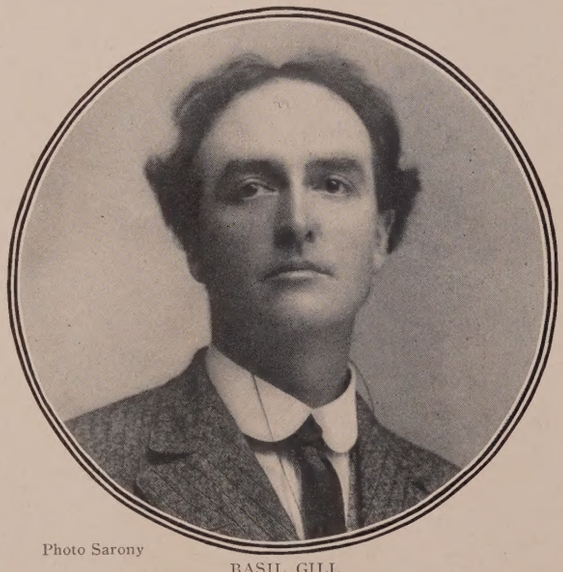


Photo Sarony

BASIL GILL
Who will play the Emperor in "The Daughter of Heaven" at the Century Theatre

---

LYCEUM. "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Comedy in four acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced September 9, with this cast:

Viscount Farncombe, William Raymond; Colonel the Hon. Arthur Stidulph, J. Palmer Collins; Baron Von Rettenmayer, Ernest W. Laceby; Captain Nicholas Jeyes, H. E. Herbert; Lionel Roper, Morton Selton; Sam De Castro, Leo Cooper; Herbert Fulkerson, E. Douglas; Stewart Heneage, David Hawthorne; Gerald Grimwood, John Morley; Carlton Smythe, Louis F. Massen; Douglas Glynn, Arthur Fitzgerald; Albert Falk, Kenneth Lee; Wilfred Tavish, Barnett Barker; Sigsmund Shirley, Cecil Newton; Vincent Bland, Bernard Merefield; Morris Cooling, Erskholm E. Clive; Luigi, Arthur Luzzi; Waiter, Louis H. Geist; Hon. Mrs. Stidulph, Jeanette Lowrie; Lily Parradell, Billie Burke; Jimmy Birch, Carroll McComas; Gabrielle Kato, Mabel Frenyear; Enid Moncrieff, Edith Campbell; Daphne Dure, Ruth Boyce; Nita Trevenna, Hazel Leslie; Flo Connify, Vera Mellish; Sybil Dermott, Jeanne Shelby; Olga Cook, Jeanne Eagles; Evangeline Ventris, Anna Rose; Mrs. Upjohn, Lydia Rachel; Gladys, Marie Fitzgerald; Maud, Louise Reed.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero is not an elderly man, but the output of his later years certainly shows a Jovian disposition to nod. "Preserving Mr. Panmure," added nothing to his reputation and it cannot be said that "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" (a clumsy title at best), now on view at the Lyceum, will add a tittle or jot to the reputation he gained as the author of "The Second Mrs. Tangueray," or "The Magistrate," to cite extremes of his facile art.

When he so skilfully, sympathetically and charmingly depicted stage life of the mid-Victorian period in "Trelawney of the Wells," he sketched something akin to a masterpiece. Life on the stage is again the subject of this, his latest output. But sympathy and charm have yielded to the sordid material spirit of modern times and while the new comedy is undoubtedly a veritable transcript of London life behind the scenes as it exists today, it is neither as profitable nor as entertaining as its wholesome predecessor.

Miss Billie Burke assumes the rôle of Lily Parradell, reigning

favorite at the Pandora (thin disguise for the Gaiety). She is marvelously popular, graciously beautiful and splendidly chaste in spite of her surroundings. A man of family, but man of purpose, Captain Nicholas Jeyes has squandered his opportunities in dancing attendance on her for several years. Then comes along one of the pampered aristocracy, the young Viscount Farncombe. Smitten, he urges her to be his bride. But, after telling him of the more than lowly nature of her birth and up-bringing, she feels she is pledged to Jeyes, whose intimacy with the family is misunderstood by Farncombe. The Captain, however, resolves not to stand in Lily's way—which several, including her mother, regard as a eugenic necessity to British posterity—makes the sacrifice, retires to Rhodesia, and Lily and the Viscount await the ringing of the marriage bells.

Not a vast amount of dramatic significance on which to build a play, but sufficient to supply two admirable theatrical scenes, in one of which the Captain telling of the futility of a theatrical hanger-on, retails his wasted years with cynical fervor and dramatic realism. Admirably played, too, was this part by H. E. Herbert, while the nice youthful enthusiasm of the Viscount was earnestly expressed by William Raymond. The title rôle is acted with vivacity, charm, spirit and feeling by Miss Burke.

The stage settings are rich and handsome, the company is a large one and a host of well drawn, if conventional figures, are carefully portrayed; but mention should be made of Louis Massen's individual characterization of the theatrical manager. "The 'Mind The Paint' Girl," in spite of good dialogue, is something of a disappointment, but "it will do."

CASINO. "THE MERRY COUNTESS." Play in three acts. Music by Johann Strauss, lyrics by Arthur Anderson, book by Gladys Unger. Produced on August 20 with this cast:

Ilka, Fritzie Van Busing; Gabor Szabo, Maurice Farkoa; Leopold, Robert Feuhrer; Countess Cliquot, Jose Collins; Dr. Berncastler, Claude Flemming; Count Cliquot, Forrest Huff; Hochheimer, Tom. A. Shale; Adele, Yancsi Dolly; Felice, Rozsika Dolly; Minna, Mabel Burnege; Prince Orloffsky, Martin Brown; Inspector of Police, Frank Ross; Neirsteiner, Frank Farrington; A Warder, George Lyman; Mattoni, A. W. Baskcomb.

The Casino finds its novelty this season in an old opera, "Die Fledermaus," with its merits added to and its faults subtracted. The original Strauss music is largely retained, while the great composer's works have been drawn upon for additional melodies. "The Merry Countess" has taken on a livelier movement in its action than the original opera had in any of its several versions used in New York. Miss Gladys Unger's new libretto is not to be described as more than clumsily skilful, but the new episodes do add needed comedy. The fantastic prison of the last act is the scene of farcical doings not entirely in keeping with the romantic foolery of the old story, but it is all exceedingly amusing. Apart from the irresistible Strauss waltzes and captivating melodies, it is as a production that "The Merry Countess" excels, beautiful to the eye and animated with interpolated dances.

Miss Jose Collins as the Countess was a revelation, being new an being equal to the exacting nature of the music of the part. She rendered the celebrated aria in the second act in a manner that won her unstinted applause. She is young and a novice in acting, but her unheralded qualities will go far toward sustaining the success of the opera, which draws new life from so many quarters. Maurice Farkoa, as Gabor, was another artistic success, equally in singing and acting. Miss Fritzie Van Busing has the difficult part of Ilka and sang with charm. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb was very droll as the jailer. Martin Brown and the Dolly Sisters, in a dance with plenty of grace and spirit in it, touched with oddity, gave us something new. That the production was engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt for a private performance at Newport is a mere incident in the career of the production which which has opened the Casino so auspiciously.

White

MIRIAM CLEMENTS
Now appearing in "Discovering America," at Daly's

REPUBLIC. "The Governor's Lady." A play in three acts by Alice Bradley. Produced September 10 with the following cast:

Daniel S. Slade.....Emmett Corrigan	William .....Jack Smith
Senator Strickland...William H. Tooker	Martin .....Franklin Handy
Robert Hayes.....Milton Sills	Jake .....John N. Wheeler
Wesley Merritt.....Robert McWade, Jr.	Mary Slade.....Emma Dunn
Bingham Hunt.....Bert Hyde	Katherine Strickland.....Gladys Hanson
Ex-Governor Hibbard....John A. Dewey	Mrs. Merritt....Teresa Maxwell-Conover
Colonel Smith.....Will H. Nicholson	Susan .....Jane Briggs
John Hart.....Albert Lane	A Girl of the Streets.....Eloise Murray
Charles Ingram.....Harry B. Wilson	A Scrubwoman.....Judith Smith

When Miss Alice Bradley was enthusiastically summoned before the footlights on the first night of "The Governor's Lady," through her spokesman she said that she had brought to Mr. Belasco "only an idea," and that the play which had moved so genuinely and entertained so thoroughly was really his.

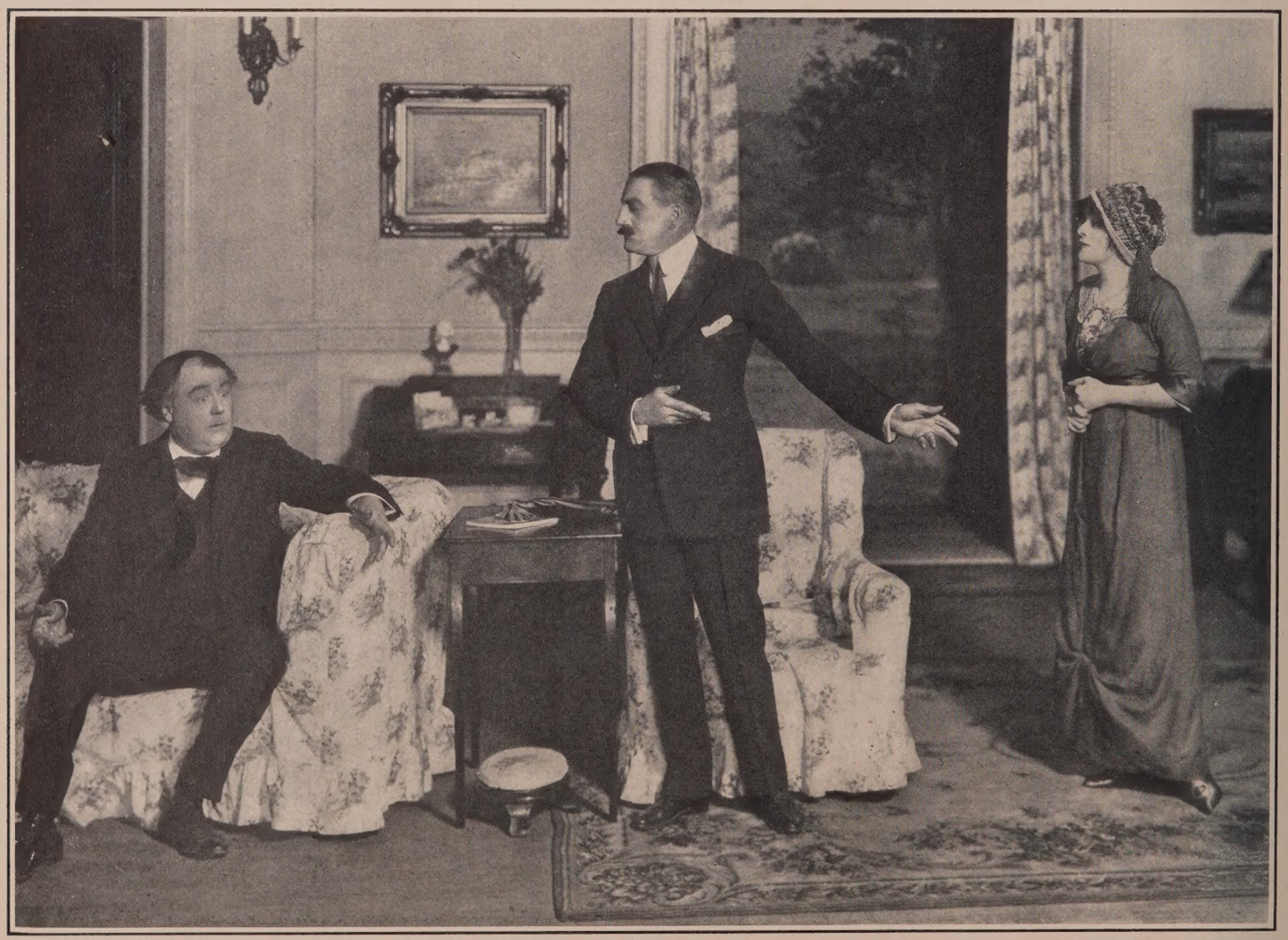
Be that as it may, the idea is a very human one and the treatment shows that the master hand of American stagecraft had been working overtime. Daniel Slade prospers, grows ambitious politically and socially, and so outdistances the homely companion of his earlier struggles, who finds no pleasure nor satisfaction in her new surroundings of luxury and wealth. He wants a divorce, that he may marry Katherine Strickland, young and a social factor. Horrified at the thought that their long friendship is to be dissolved, Mrs. Slade refuses the suggestion, but resolves to make herself the helpmate her husband so needs. But he replies that it is too late, and in the scenes between them growing out of this situation there is a world of emotional depth. Mrs. Slade, however, agrees to a separation, and then follows an interview in which the wife and her would-be successor meet. Touched by the older woman's beautiful devotion, Miss Strickland resolves to sacrifice herself and so tells the wife, who then learns for the first time that it was on account of a woman that Slade wanted a divorce. Now comes her chance for revenge. Since youth and beauty have thrown him over it is her turn now to secure a divorce, but in an epilogue which occurs in a Childs' restaurant—a wonderfully graphic reproduction of the real thing—they are brought together again.

It is, of course, the human equation, the big and moving struggle between the coldly stern man of successful affairs and his shrinking wife that make the scenes, and they are, indeed, incidents of a marvelously touching kind, handled with virile force and dogged determination by Emmett Corrigan and by Emma Dunn, whose impersonation of the wife is beautiful in its sweet simplicity. The political characters which project the underplot are skilfully drawn. The rôles of Wesley Merritt, the editor, and his scheming wife are portrayed with great humorous truth and fidelity by Robert McWade, Jr., and Teresa Maxwell-Conover, while Gladys Hanson shows grace and feeling as Miss Strickland and her devoted admirer, a young lawyer is acted with manly fervor by Milton Sills. It is a long cast which is employed in this wonderfully interesting and perfectly staged play and acquits itself with that thorough finish and skill always to be found in a Belasco production. The four scenes are perfect in their suggestive appropriateness.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "Ready Money." A comedy in three acts by James Montgomery. Produced on August 19 with this cast:

Stephen Baird.....William Courtenay	Quinn.....Gordon Burby
William Stewart.....Norman Tharp	Flynn.....Smith Davies
Sidney Rosenbaum.....Leo Donnelly	Neil .....Guy Nichols
Sam Welch.....Henry Miller, Jr.	Paul .....Alfred A. Hesse
Sumner Holbrook....George L. Tucker	Reddy .....Clarence Rockefeller
James E. Morgan.....Scott Cooper	Grace Tyler.....Margaret Greene
Hon. James H. Tyler...James Bradbury	Ida Tyler.....Fay Wallace
Jackson Ives.....Joseph Kilgour	Mrs. James H. Tyler.....Ida Darling
Captain West.....Ben Johnson	Margaret Elliott.....Elizabeth Nelson

The extraordinary number of plays featuring rascals, during



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Thomas Pelling (John Drew) Kalleia (Mary Boland) Clarence Woodhouse (Hubert Druce) Act IV. Thomas Pelling: "Explain some more. Tell her in Greek."

SCENE IN ALFRED SUTRO'S COMEDY, "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND," NOW AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Warburton Gamble as Sam Sibley | Eugenie Vernie as Mrs. Rhead | Gillian Scaife as Rose Rhead | Edith Barwell as Nancy Sibley | Auriol Lee as Gertrude Rhead | Leslie Faber as John Rhead

CHARACTERS IN ARNOLD BENNETT'S AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S PLAY, "MILESTONES" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

the last season or two, does not mean that theatre-goers are becoming criminal in their tastes. The popularity of this type of attraction is merely because the particular offenders of the law are shown as not only human—having emotions and processes of thought like other people—but as exceptionally bright into the bargain. In "Ready Money" a counterfeiter is featured; and the audiences applaud to see him outwit the honest minions of the law. To be sure he isn't the worst counterfeiter in the world, for he confines his efforts to one thousand dollar certificates, and he succors a young man who is down and out by letting him pass the bogus currency on a fifty per cent. commission. He may have played a trick on his audience as well as his victims, for he mentions a head of Washington as being on a thousand dollar bill and there are probably not many who know enough about it to say nay.

Stephen Baird, a young fellow with plenty of friends, manners and good looks (to say nothing of a sweet fiancée), but no money, is half owner of the Skyrocket Gold Mine in Gallup, Arizona. He bought it for thirty thousand dollars. The mine has produced nothing as yet, because Steve has been vainly trying to sell stock, and his partner, Mike, awaiting money to buy adequate machinery, is unable to work it to any appreciable degree. It is New Year's Eve, and on January 2 Morgan is going to take the mine for his mortgage. Steve is staying at the apartment of his wealthy friend, Sam Welch. While there he meets Jackson Ives, occupation unknown, who offers to assist him. Ives finally pledges him to secrecy, introduces himself as a master counterfeiter, and invites Steve to take a wad of his bogus money, not to spend it, but just to show it and keep fifty per cent. Steve, facing ruin with a quarter in his pocket, finally accepts. One glimpse of the money, and Steve's friends, believing he must have struck gold, crowd to buy his stock. They will have none of his explanations. His heretofore antagonistic mother-in-law-to-be calls him her dear boy, and his fiancée promises to read the circulars concerning his mine. This literature he places in her bag, which appendage she duly leaves behind her at departure. Morgan, not knowning of the sudden rise of his young friend, gives him an indefinite loan of five hundred dollars. This money Steve sends to his partner, who promptly puts on a double shift to dig for gold. Ives appears. He is being trailed by detectives of the Secret Service. He knows that he cannot be touched if he has no evidence in his possession, so he places the counterfeit money, which Steve has, into an envelope addressed to Steve's office. But before Steve can mail it, it is found on him. He secretly substitutes that envelope for the one in the forgotten bag of his fiancée. The unsuspecting detective bids him give the envelope to Ives that Ives may be arrested. He does so. They spend the night in the Tombs and are discharged in the morning when nothing but the stock circulars are found. Steve's fiancée brings the other envelope to his office. The detectives appear, seize it and arrest Steve and Ives. Ives bids them examine the money. They do so, declare it genuine and depart baffled. Steve pays off his mortgage to Morgan. Word comes that Steve's partner has struck gold, and Ives, with an artist's pride, destroys his false certificates rather than have them doubted, promising in addition to lead a better life.

All this is the best kind of fun; the sheer cleverness and the un-

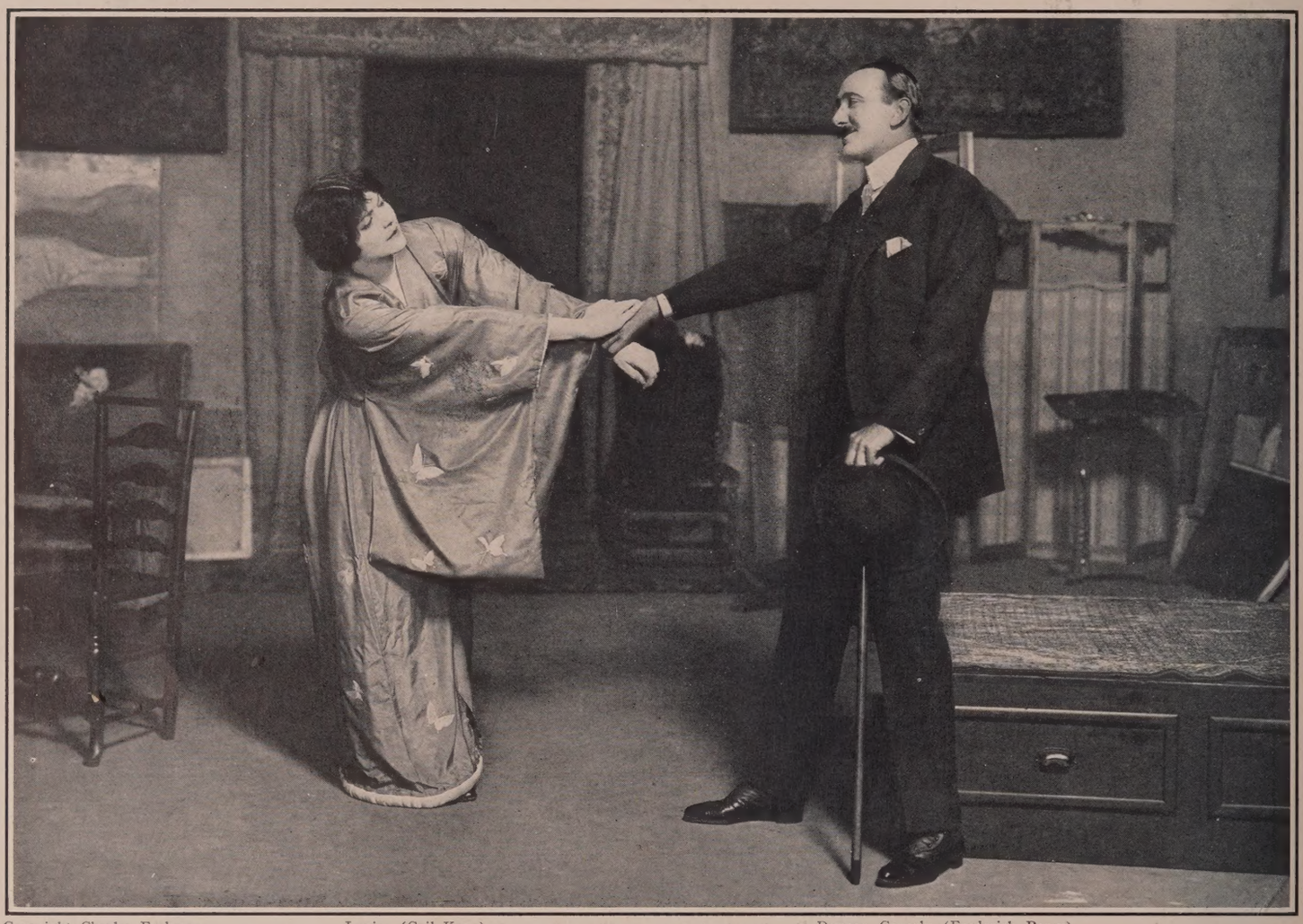
The Critic

Oh, creature with the heart of stone,
And frigid manner all thine own,
  Why plague us so?
To thee no playwright knows his art;
No actor comprehends his part;
  All—all is woe!
Rare clown indeed who e'er beguiles
Thy frozen features into smiles!

A scribe thou art whose careless pen,
Must earn a dollar now and then,
  To banish debt;
Sarcasm, wit—a deadly brew—
With ridicule and venom, too,
  Dost thou beget.
A critic? No! I still insist,
Thou art but petty humorist!

LESLIE CURTIS.

expected turns are highly diverting. Nothing but admiration may be expressed for William Courtenay's portrayal of Steve, or of Joseph Kilgour's delineation of the smooth and tactful Ives, alias Walker. Ben Johnson, pleasantly remembered for his work at the late New Theatre, made a shrewd and suave detective. Margaret Greene and Ida Darling were excellent as the fiancée and her mother. James Bradbury, Leo Donnelly, Henry Miller, Jr., Alfred A. Hesse and the entire company deserve commendation for work of the first order. The settings are adequate.



Copyright, Charles Frohman Louise (Gail Kane) Louise: "You mustn't hold me" Duncan Coverly (Frederick Perry)

SCENE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' NEW PLAY, "THE MODEL," RECENTLY SEEN AT THE HARRIS THEATRE

LYRIC. "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL." Play in four acts by Charles Klein, founded on the novel of Rex Beach. Produced on Sept. 2 with this cast:

Kirk Anthony	Hale Hamilton	Head Waiter	Stuart Johnson
D. K. Anthony	DeWitt C. Jennings	Higgins	Sidney Blair
James Weeks	Robert Fischer	Betts	Edgar Nelson
Stephen Cortland	Orlando Daly	Ringold	Jos. R. Garry
Remon Alfarez	Macey Harlam	Edith Cortland	Katharine Kaelred
Cushing	R. B. Keggereis	Stella Weeks	Beatrice Noyes
Hogan	George Staley	Mrs. Jolson	Ethel Jennings
Allan	F. X. Conlon	La Naranjera	Carmen De Gonzales
Jefferson Locke	Franklyn Searight	Mrs. Runnels	Beatrice Craven
Padden	F. W. Strong	Mrs. Bedloe	Rachel Arliss

Every pack has a joker in it—even that belonging to Charles Klein. He has held a good many aces in a long playwriting experience; but sooner or later his joker was bound to turn up. Still, it may not be his joker, after all, for the program "presents Rex Beach's novel" and not Charles Klein's play. However, the distinction is well drawn because the piece is told along in a narrative fashion, inventing situations as required, and with little relation between beginning and end.

Kirk Anthony, college athlete and millionaire's son, thrown aboard ship in a drunken stupor in the name of a criminal anxious to mislead his pursuers, is disinherited by his father and compelled to work on the Panama Canal. He is aided by a Mrs. Cortland, who knows his condition, and with whom he is in love. Her husband, misconstruing her motives, presents Anthony with his wife in the presence of friends he has invited for the occasion. Soon after he is found dead. Anthony is jailed for his murder and about to be hanged. His father appears, bribes officials generally, rescues Kirk with the crew of his yacht disguised as United States marines, and approves of the widowed Mrs. Cortland sailing back to New York with him. In the first place, it is melodrama pure and simple; and in the second place, melodramatic heroes are made of better stuff than Kirk Anthony, who remains shiftless to the end of the chapter. The Ne'er-Do-Well never does, and little sympathy is to be bestowed upon him because he makes practically no effort to help himself. Kirk has no right to show love for a married woman, much less to the wife of his host, or she to encourage it. The husband was eminently right in suspecting his wife, and in place of being a villain he is more of a gentleman than the worthless rounder who supplants him. The interposition of the father is a clog to the wheels of justice, for there is nothing to prove that Kirk Anthony did not murder Cortland. He said he was going to, and one didn't see how Cortland really did die. One of the most truly dramatic scenes in the piece is Cortland's denunciation of Anthony and his wife.

As to the rest, there are occasionally bright moments loosely thrown together in a rambling design. For all the Panama Canal has to do with it, the action could have taken place in Lima, Ohio—where the beans come from. Katherine Kaelred has a very limited opportunity, but she does ample justice to the part of Mrs. Cortland. We would, however, like to examine the diacritical marks in her dictionary. Hale Hamilton is exceedingly convincing in the title rôle. The U. S. Consul became a bright spot as illuminated by Robert Fischer, and the saucy daughter found a pert interpreter in Beatrice Noyes. Macey Harlam, as Remon Alfrez, a local pooh-bah, acted a difficult part with spirit and significance.

(*Continued on page xi*)

Photos White

No. 1. Gladys Hanson, Milton Sills, Teresa Maxwell-Conover. Act 2. Fannie: "I always said to him, 'Rob, she'll come home to you in the end.'" No. 2. Robert McWade, Jr. and Teresa Maxwell-Conover. Act 2. Wesley Merritt (Mr. McWade, Jr.): "I've mortgaged my property up to the hilt for clothes, now." No. 3. Emmett Corrigan and Emma Dunn. Act 3. Daniel Slade (Mr. Corrigan): "Oh, hell, what's the use! Nothing but trouble and scandal." No. 4. Milton Sills, Emma Dunn, Gladys Hanson. Act 3. Mary becomes convinced that Katherine is the other woman. No. 5. Emma Dunn and Emmett Corrigan. Act. 4. Daniel Slade (Mr. Corrigan)—"I'll introduce you to them after we're married"

SCENES IN ALICE BRADLEY'S PLAY "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY" AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

Staging a Popular Restaurant

DAVID BELASCO has staged almost everything from a rainstorm to the rising of the sun, and all so realistically that the audience was taken back to nature unawares and absolutely forgot that they were in a theatre. He conquered, for stage purposes, all of the elements. Then he went after the unseen, and in his famous Japanese play, "The Darling of the Gods," he produced a remarkable scene showing the River of Life, with the souls of the dead passing through the ether to the Promised Land.

Not content with this scenic triumph he next proved—on the stage, at least—that the dead do return to this earth again. This time he brought a spirit back to life in its earthly form in a wonderful manner in his spiritualistic play, "The Return of Peter Grimm." But whereas he employed gauzes and lights to send away the dead in the one play, he relied wholly on the power of the spoken word to bring the spirit back to life. In "The Return of Peter Grimm" the lights were used only at the entrances of Peter simply to accentuate them and to get him on the stage. As soon as he had entered upon the scene the spotlights that were trained on the door through which the spirit entered were removed and the footlights and border lights, used to light the scene itself, were turned on. From then on just two things did the trick. For it was a trick, a mental one, such as the sleight-o'-hand performer distracts the attention of his onlookers from his hands with, by saying something that tricks their minds so that they fail to see the slip of the hand.

Photo White THE RESTAURANT SCENE IN "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY" AT THE REPUBLIC

A Belasco production is nothing if not realistic in every detail. All of the fixtures, the tables, chairs, coffee boilers, dishes used in the restaurant scene in the new play were obtained from Childs' Restaurant Equipment Company and were installed by employees of that firm exactly as if a new restaurant were being opened on the stage

In this play Mr. Belasco achieved the highest possible point, since he actually, through the lines of the drama itself, put the audience into a receptive state, and so much so that there was hardly a single person at any performance but that looked upon David Warfield as a spirit in the "dead" scenes of the play. But, too, had it not been for the remarkable quality of Mr. Warfield's voice that first attracted Mr. Belasco to this actor when he was a burlesque music hall performer, even with all of the master hand's strokes it would have been impossible to get the spirit of this play over the footlights.

Having done these things in the pursuit of stage realism, there was nothing else for Mr. Belasco to do but to come back to earth and select some ordinary, every-day scene for stage representation. After reading the manuscript of "The Governor's Lady," which called for a restaurant setting in the last act, instead of placing the scene in a Broadway lobster palace, as nine out of every ten managers would have done, especially as the time of the action was to be around midnight, Mr. Belasco got right down to every-day life, the thing that counts most of all on the stage, and chose one of Childs' restaurants as the scene, a thing that perhaps no other manager would have dared to do.

In the setting of the last act of this play he may in all truth be said to have surpassed himself. That scene, representing as it does the interior of a Childs' restaurant in New York City on a midnight in the depth of winter, must stand as the last word in stage realism. None other, save perhaps a Zola, could have held in his mind's eye its multitudinous detail, or have had the art to translate that detail into concrete terms. But then, alas for Zola! France has no Childs'. Childs' is essentially an American institution, and even more than American is it essentially of New York. There is no genre picture of New York life, or that of Philadelphia, or a half dozen other cities, to be painted without a Childs' restaurant occupying its proper place in the perspective; a Childs' with its geometrically arranged assortments of provender, its burnished coffee boilers, its neat, white-aproned "Ham-an" waiters, and, most significant and characteristic of all else, its motley gathering of hungry and hasty patrons—people recruited from literally every walk of life, for who so rich or so mighty has not some time or other invaded the democratic precincts of Childs'.

All this atmosphere Mr. Belasco has succeeded in transferring to the stage of the Republic Theatre in the last act of Miss Alice Bradley's social and domestic play. It is as if he had taken the audience out between the intermission, walked them around the corner of Seventh Avenue, and seated them to one side of the Childs' restaurant at that location and let the last act be played there.

But, having in mind the comfort of his patrons, Mr. Belasco let them remain in their cushioned seats and instead he brought the restaurant to them! This is a fact. He actually transported a real Childs' restaurant to the stage of the theatre, strange as this may seem.

Everyone by this time knows that a Belasco production is nothing if not realistic in every detail. Several years ago, when he introduced a rainstorm in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," he rigged up water pipes having holes such as are in a shower bath tubing over the stage and turned on real water, which fell to the stage and spattered and formed puddles. So when he planned a Childs' setting for the last act of "The Governor's Lady," instead of calling in his scenic artists and ordering them to paint a canvas scene, as most managers would have done, he wrote a letter to the Childs' Restaurant Company and told them what he wanted and negotiated for a complete restaurant equipment. He had installed on the stage of the Republic Theatre a Childs' restaurant, complete in every detail.

All of the fixtures—tables, chairs, hat and coat racks and stands, cash desk, cash register, cigar counter and food counters, coffee boilers, ovens, heaters, dishes, ice-box and the griddle-cake cooker in the window—were obtained from the Childs' Restaurant Equipment Company, and were installed by employees of the concern exactly as if a new restaurant was being opened! It is complete even to the signs: *"Watch Your Hat and Overcoat," "Not Responsible for Personal Property Unless Checked by the Manager,"* and the milk sign; also a framed picture of Childs' new restaurant, seating 1,000, at Tennessee Avenue and Boardwalk, Atlantic City. There is, also, the familiar white clock, keeping actual time, on the scene.

The counters and ice-box are of tile, exactly the same as one finds in the numerous eating-places of the same name, and the griddle-cake cooker is the real article, heated by electricity, as are the later improved models used in the newer and larger restaurants. By the griddle cooker, also, is the little nickel-plated dumb waiter to send "cakes"

(*Continued on page x*)

The priest offers prayer to the god Dionysus, the patron of the drama. This ceremony was condensed from the ancient Greek rites performed at the opening of their dramatic festivals, but is not usually given in American productions of Greek plays.

Students in a Greek Play

A GREEK play, whether given in Greek or in English, is still regarded in this country as something of a curiosity. But there have been, since the first one at Harvard in 1881, at least forty performances of which there is record. They have been produced in all sorts of conditions and under all possible theories of stage management, with costumes all the way from bed-sheets, as once at Bryn Mawr, to the most accurate archeological restorations studied out in Athens itself as at Harvard in 1906. Little Beloit College, in Wisconsin, has the record for number, having given six, more or less informally. One remarkable performance was given at Hull House, Chicago, by Greek boys of the slums declaiming the ancient lines with modern Greek pronunciation. But the most active "producing center" just now is Wabash College, in Crawfordsville, Ind., which last spring gave as its fifth annual production the "Elektra" of Sophocles.

Professor Hains, of the Wabash Greek department, and one of the present authorities on ancient Greek life, was the "angel" of the performances. The actors and the "chorus girls" were all men, as in the ancient Greek productions. The costumes and settings were accurately studied out from Greek vases and statues, but were all purchased and made in the little town of Crawfordsville. Greek costumes were extremely simple, the *chiton,* or undergarment, being merely a loose linen shirt clasped at the shoulders and gathered at the waist, and the outer garment nothing more than a rectangular piece of cloth about six feet by eight. Professor and Mrs. Hains bought quantities of unbleached muslin at 5 cents a yard, cut it, dyed it, stenciled the classic designs on the borders, and produced costumes which have stood every test of historic accuracy except for the details too minute to be seen across the "footlights."

The scenery, as may be seen in the accompanying photographs, was unusually elaborate in every little detail, enabling the promoters to create the true classic atmosphere, without which no Greek play can be adequately or satisfactorily presented.

And so with all the properties. The sacrificial lambs were hired from a neighboring farmer, and behaved very well, except when the priest inadvertently burned their tails.

For part of the costumes of the Sythian "barbarians" (accurately copied from excavations in Asia Minor) Professor Hains used as a pattern his own pajamas.

But Professor Hains is no purist or mere archeologist. He wants to prove that the Greek plays are not dead but very much alive, and he holds it as one of the crowning moments of his life when, at the climax of his "Oedipus Rex," a great part of the audience was seen to be in tears.

He does not object to anything that will strengthen the effect. He even uses a spotlight to follow the "lead" about the stage in important scenes. Each author receives a particular sort of stage management.

"Euripides' stuff," Professor Hains says, "is mostly melodrama, but it certainly gets across." He is trying to prove, in his annual Wabash production, that Greek plays are good stage plays, and always, when adequately presented, "get across."

H. K. MODERWELL.

King Ægistheus sees retribution approaching in the person of Orestes, who has just killed his mother, Clytemnestra, in revenge for her unfaithfulness to his father

Schnitzler's "Anatol" a New Form of Play

WHEN Mr. Ames presents at the Little Theatre next month Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol," he will introduce to American theatregoers a novel form of dramatic composition—a sequence of dialogues. Instead of sitting through three or four acts, during which we become intimately acquainted with a group of people, sometimes an entire community, watching the unfolding of that part of their lives interesting and climactic enough to serve as a plot, we shall have a glimpse at five episodes in the life of a very episodical young gentleman from Vienna. Each episode is complete in itself, like a perfect bead, but it is only when they are strung together that they become the finished piece of jewelry. The string that holds them is the unfolding of Anatol's personality. Each bead has a different color, given to it by the individuality of the *vis-à-vis* in the episode—always a woman, of course. Anatol is an arch-connoisseur of love. In his life there is never one great climax to be portrayed, but many little crises, each to be depicted in a separate sketch.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
Author of "The Affairs of Anatol"

In a letter to a friend, Schnitzler explains his choice of this dramatic form. It is his forte. In conventional drama, he is never quite successful. "My dear friend," he writes, "as far as that grotesque realism is concerned, which considers it its duty to get along without stage-manager and prompter, that realism in which a fifth act frequently fails to be reached because a tile has fallen upon the hero's head in the second act—I am not interested. As for myself, I let the curtain go up when it begins to be amusing, and I let it go down at the moment which I consider fit."

"Anatol" is not a new play, nor is Schnitzler a new dramatist. The play is over twenty years old, and its author this summer celebrated his fiftieth birthday. A practicing physician of Vienna, Arthur Schnitzler has made literature his vocation, and in that capacity has attained first rank among Austrian and German writers. On the continent he has long been a favorite among playgoers, and in this country as well as in England he is rediscovered spasmodically. His work includes a long list of plays and novels, many of which have been translated into English. At the Irving Place Theatre in New York several of his one-act plays have, at different times, been given in the original, as well as two of his longer plays, "Liebelei" in 1897 and "Freiwild" in 1899. At the Berkeley Lyceum a few years ago Charlotte Wiehe appeared in a French version of "The Last Supper," one of the "Anatol" dialogues. To the English-speaking public of this country he is known through "Liebelei," which was produced under the title "Flirtation" by the Progressive Stage Society in New York in 1904, and as "The Reckoning" in 1907, when Katherine Grey played the part created in this country by Agnes Sorma, and through "The Green Kakadu," which was produced by Mrs. Fiske as a curtain-raiser to "Hannele" in 1910.

In reading the English version of "Anatol," by Granville Barker—even in reading the original German—one gets the impression that the author must be a Parisian, so sprightly and champagne-like is the dialogue. That is because Schnitzler is a Viennese, and because the Viennese are more like the Parisians than their neighbors, the Germans, in their handling of life, love and literature.

"Anatol" and "Liebelei" are generally regarded as Schnitzler's best works. The title of the latter, "Flirtation," indicates the theme, which might be summed up in the slogan: *"A bas la grande passion; vive l'amourette!"* The physician as playwright applies medical methods in distinguishing symptoms from causes and in diagnosing the cases of hypochondriacs of love. For his characters, emotion, and not the will, is the firmament of life. They do not try to master the situation in which they find themselves, but are content to let it master them. They weave fantasy and romance about somewhat ordinary love affairs, and prefer their own illusions to reality. Nowhere is this brought out more clearly than in the first "Anatol" episode, "Ask No Questions and You Will Hear No Stories."

Anatol, sceptical of the faithfulness of his present lady-love, decides to test her by questioning her sub-conscious self (which is supposed to be reliably truthful) when she is in a hypnotic state. Having put her into a trance—for that is one of his powers—he prepares to cross-examine her, but when it comes to *the* vital question he loses courage. How horrible to know the truth, if she does not really love him and him alone! He knows he is a coward, braces himself for a last effort, and speaks sternly, judiciously:

"Hilda—do you?"—— (*He fails, then makes a further effort.*)
"Hilda—are you?"—— (*He fails again and turns distractedly away. Then for the third time:*)
"Hilda—have you?"—— (*He begins to sweat with the emotion of it.*)
"Oh, Lord! Hilda—Hilda"—— (*He throws conscience to the winds and himself on his knees beside the pretty girl.*)
"Oh! wake up, my darling, and give me a kiss."

It is because of this—that no matter how many illusions are shattered, there is always a new one to replace the old—that the cynicism threading these episodes does not seem convincing. One feels that it is expressed more out of a desire to appear clever than through conviction. Though the episodes are essentially comedy, they are tainted with a melancholy of sadness here and there—the melancholy of the incompleteness of a life of little loves that is inevitable with the peripatetic amourist. Schnitzler traces for us in these episodes the psychology of intimacy, the contempt it may breed and the sometimes incomprehensible forgetfulness that may follow it. There is always separation, always a going-away. And so, even at the last, when Anatol leaves to go to his own wedding, one doesn't feel in the least sure that he isn't going to go away from there also; for, as he says himself elsewhere, "It's always somebody else one gets married to."

Anatol is a bachelor of leisure, whose vocation in life is the dangerous and fascinating one of falling in and out of love. A man of moods, he may be regarded as the product, in temperament and taste, of the over-civilization and the over-cultivation of the times. "What a lot one loses by being a man!" is his view. "There are a dozen ways of being an interesting invalid, and a fellow can choose his own. But there is only one way of being in rude health—and that's such a dull one." He is not, in the true

U. S. Naval Cadets on the Lawn of the White House

A Berlin Summer Garden

Scotch lassies dancing the Highland Fling

Picturesque Dutch peasants crowding a market place in Holland

A Fishing Village in Brittany

Girls of Brittany at play

SCENES IN THE SUMPTUOUS NEW SPECTACLE AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME

sense, a modern Don Juan, because he does not grow and develop through his experiences, but merely passes from one *petit amour* to the next, like a bee sipping honey from a row of lovely flowers. He calls himself a Toy-Philosopher; dreams of being a hero, and knows himself to be a fool.

His feminine friends, though there are a few naïve and unsophisticated among them, are often smarter and quicker even than he. They are all attractive and alluring, of course, and different enough to display the conquering hero's versatility and catholicity of taste. There is Gabriel, the virtuous one, who, having family traditions and a real social status to uphold, resists temptations and settles down to a soul-killing domesticity; Mimi, the insolent, heartless flirt, who might be called a grafter *"au coquetterie,"* and Lona, the elemental woman, who gives vent to a natural temper in a very elemental, natural way. Hilda is just a plain girl (and she's prosaic enough to end up by marrying a milkman), and Bibi, a "useless bit of baggage," who is, unknowingly, the dealer of the heaviest blow to Anatol's pride.

If Anatol is the string that holds these episodes together, then Max, his confidant, is the clasp of the chain. According to his own statement, his principal task is to foster his friend's illusions. When he does try to prick Anatol's bubble, to make him see the plain facts in a given situation, his only success lies in receiving Anatol's pity for being a man who walks through the world with eyes open and imagination shut! "You swallow life whole, Max—I taste it." There is "an honest, unromantic" air about him that makes him a refreshing antidote to the over-sensitized, sentimental Anatol. Much as the hero pretends to scorn the philistine views of the prosaic Max, one knows that the latter is absolutely essential in the capacity of equilibrator to the daring young man who takes too frequent and too lofty flights into the realms of the little love-gods. He must also serve as the guardian of a precious and inimitable past (done up in a bundle and deposited in his rooms by Anatol, about to take a holiday), and in more instances than one he must play the part of the accomplice who gets the hero out of a tight place or the new broom that sweeps obstacles—such as dead loves—from his path. He is not merely a good-natured fool, but always a good friend who is willing to help and advise, and accepts as rewards for all his services the pleasure and the satisfaction of seeing Anatol's discomfiture when he has failed to take advantage of those services or that advice.

Photos White 1. Betty Scott. 2. Helen Cleggett. 3. Celeste Campbell
THREE PLAYERS NOW APPEARING IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"

In "The Last Supper" we see how useful Max may be, and how Anatol sometimes "gets it in the neck"—to use a very vulgar phrase to comment upon a very polished young man. Anatol is perturbed in spirit; he has lost his interest in Mimi, finds that she bores him, and finds a substitute who bores him not. He believes, above all, in honesty in these matters of the heart, at least in this case he does, for did he not say to Mimi, at first, when they were very much in love, "Whichever first discovers that the thing is wearing thin, must tell the other one straight out." With him, now, it has not only worn thin, it is positively threadbare. But how tell her?

In a private room of a fashionable restaurant, where he is waiting for Mimi, who is to be his guest, Max is taken into consultation. A plan whereby the ally is to break the news in an exceedingly gentle and tactful manner is well under way, when the subject of the discussion enters. Over the oysters, which she eats with a relish, she justifies her interruption of these plans by making them unnecessary with the announcement that her "thing" has worn thin, too. Anatol, hurt and indignant, demands a thousand explanations, which Mimi vouchsafes with a joyousness of spirit that increases as the supply of champagne diminishes.

"It's him your considering, not me," declares the dismissed lover.

MIMI (*with friendly candor*): I don't think I ever really liked you, Anatol.

ANATOL: Thank you. I'm happy to say that leaves me cold.

MIMI: Don't be nasty.

ANATOL: Would you be sur-

White.

No 1. Edith Cortland (Katherine Kaelred), Kirk Anthony (Hale Hamilton) Act I. Kirk: "I wish you had a sister." No. 2. Act. I. On Board the S. S. "Santa Marta." Edith: "We have sighted land, Mr. Anthony." No 3. Act II. Hale Hamilton, Carmen De Gonzales and Francis X Conlon. The Spanish girl tries to sell her oranges. No. 4. Act. 3. Stephen Cortland (Orlando Daly): "I am going to give you my wife. You've had her from the first; now she's yours"

SCENES IN "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

prised to hear that I hope to get on very well without you in the future.

MIMI: Really? (*Anatol throws his belated bomb.*)

ANATOL: I am in love, too. (*It is received by Mimi with the indifference of scepticism.*)

MIMI: Think of that.

ANATOL: And have been for some time. Ask Max. I was telling him when you came in. (*She smiles at this in a most irritating way.*)

MIMI: Yes, . . . I'm sure you were.

ANATOL (*piling it up*): She's younger and rather prettier than you.

MIMI: I'm sure she is.

ANATOL: And I'd throw six hundred and seventy of your sort into the sea for her. (*Mimi, not in the least impressed or distressed, laughs loud.*) You needn't laugh. Ask Max.

MIMI: If I were you I should have invented all that a little earlier.

ANATOL (*aghast*): But it's true. I haven't cared that much about you since . . . ! You've been boring me till I could only stay in the room with you by sitting and thinking of her.

But it all sounds so ineffective that Anatol, summoning his virile imagination to his aid hints at blacker and baser deceit than this even. Mimi, having retaliated by calling him a cad and a brute, a pretty scene threatens when the timely waiter brings in another course and causes the lady to change the conversation.

"Ices," cries Mimi, and does them the same justice as she has the other courses of a very palatable dinner—for is she not going to renounce all delicacies when she is "on with the new," a penurious but rising star in the profession? Anatol's æsthetic sense is shocked by this display of materialism. He cries:

"Can you eat ices at a moment like this?"

MAX (*starting on his, too*): Yes, of course she can. It's good-bye to them forever.

MIMI (*between the spoonfuls*): No more ices—no more claret—no more champagne. (*Then, as she gets up to go*) And, thank goodness—no more Anatol. (*But on her way to the door she notices on the sideboard the cigars. She helps herself to a handful. Then turns with the sweetest of smiles.*) Not for me. They're for him. (*She departs.*)

MAX: I said it'd go off all right. (*Anatol is speechless.*)

To the question whether these episodes are moral, one is tempted to equivocate by saying that they are artistic. Schnitzler's writing is always refined; there is nothing ugly or coarse or vulgar, nothing repellent here. One must be grateful to him for what he does not say. He has the gift of silence and says the unsayable without asteriks and without offending.

E. E. VOM BAUR.

Belasco's New Leading Woman

FROM the land of roses and magnolia trees, from that wonderful Georgian Atlanta which arose, phœnix-like, from the ashes and devastation of the Civil War, came five years ago Gladys Hanson, the interesting and talented young Southern actress, who is now appearing at the Republic as the principal woman character of Alice Bradley's play, "The Governor's Lady," Mr. Belasco's first production of the new theatrical year.

An exceptional stage presence hers! A beautiful head, with nobility of mind and soul reflected in the face, and lovely hair, arranged simply and naturally set exquisitely upon the noble column of her neck, which rises above her matchless shoulders to create an imposing silhouette, and superb feminine lines, she is physically almost without a rival among women players. Beauty unallied to talent is like the camellia without fragrance. Miss Hanson has both. She not only exhales charm, she is the full-bloom, perfect rose. Grace is in her slightest movements, in her uprisings and down-sittings, in her gestures, her outbursts of feeling, her repressed passion, and, most of all, in her beautifully trained and well-modulated voice. She is an artist to her finger tips, and that the emotional fervor of the South exerts a considerable influence on her stage work is seen in her portrayal of her new character.

GLADYS HANSON AS THE QUEEN IN "HAMLET"

It was in "Dundreary," the season when E. H. Sothern revived his father's famous play, that the charm and temperamental power of Gladys Hanson were first recognized. In this revival, in which she played the part of Georgina, she received much praise from the critics for a spirited and finished performance. It was not her first experience on the New York stage, however, for it was in Daniel Frohman's production of Rex Beach's play, "The Spoilers," that she was given her initial opportunity. The run of the piece was interupted after a month, but Miss Hanson did not suffer, for Mr. Frohman quietly informed Mr. Sothern of her exceptional ability. The star immediately offered her an engagement, and then followed a busy, hard-working time in Shakespearian repertoire. During that period she played such parts as the Queen in "Hamlet," Katherine in "If I Were King," the sister in "The Fool Hath Said," Lucy in "Richard Lovelace," Julie in "Richelieu," and the Duchess in "Don Quixote."

After two years of this invaluable training and experience, she was engaged by Charles Frohman to support Kyrle Bellew in "The Builder of Bridges." The following year she was seen in "The Scandal" and later in "Raffles." Last year her season began in Mrs. Fiske's production of "The New Marriage." The play was not a success, but, undaunted and with a firm belief in her own powers, she assumed the title rôle in the Chicago Company of "The Woman," continuing in that part successfully throughout the winter until last spring, when she was given the part of Katherine Strickland in "The Governor's Lady."

These varied impersonations have proved her versatility, her faculty of so assimilating a part as to make it seem a phase of her own experience. From childhood she has been taught to know and like the best in plays, in music, in books, in art of any sort, in people—so that her cultivated powers of discrimination have helped along the progress upward. Her mother, an accomplished musician, cultivated her musical ear from infancy, and from this influence we are indebted for the melodious tones of her speaking voice. Her parents tried to dissuade her from choosing the stage as a career, but her thoughts and desires constantly urged her thither.

One of her critics has described her as "a creature of destiny, a living witness to prove that over the mountains lie the Hills o' Dreams, which are only to be reached by physical, intellectual and spiritual effort."

Herein lies the secret of Gladys Hanson's success. All of these attributes are hers. She has beauty, mentality and talent. Under Mr. Belasco's guidance there are no heights in the drama to which she may not reach.

ELEANOR RAEBURN.

Sarony

BILLIE BURKE

This popular young actress is now appearing in "The Mind The Paint Girl" at the Lyceum Theatre

MARY FULLER
A popular Edison player

MARC McDERMOTT
A popular Edison leading man

ALICE JOYCE
A favorite Kalem player

MAURICE COSTELLO
A well-known Vitagraph player

Players of the Film Drama

WHILE the moving picture owes its popularity chiefly to the wonderful mechanism that makes it possible, the players who create the characters seen on the screen should not be overlooked. They contribute no inconsiderable share to the astonishing success which has attended the growth of this remarkable theatrical industry. Although it is silent drama, as revealed to the public, the personality of the player is as important a factor as in a regular stage production. The actor or actress having a so-called "magnetic personality" loses none, or very little, of this subtle quality when seen in film plays. In fact, the same attributes possessed by celebrities of the stage, such as good looks and attractive personality, are found to characterize the players who have been successful in their portrayals before the moving picture camera. The truth of this is recognized by the manufacturers themselves. Progressive picture producers and theatre managers now feature the players in their advertising matter almost as prominently as the picture itself.

Some of the leading players of the film drama have become very popular throughout the country. At first the identity of the actors was not known. Nobody cared. But after seeing the same faces in pictures time after time, patrons of the "movies" began to pick out their favorites and learn their names. They now watch for announcements of photo-plays in which their particular favorite appears, and endeavor to see all of that player's characterizations. There are matinée idols of the "movies" as well as of the legitimate stage While admirers of a star of the real theatre may have an opportunity to see their favorite once a season and in one part, the popular motion picture players may be seen every week in different rôles, and during the course of a year they play many parts.

Of more than ordinary interest is the manner in which these actors and actresses, who devote all their time to this new branch of the profession, perform their duties. Their work differs essentially from the methods in vogue on the regular stage. Owing to the swiftness with which new pictures must be produced, the players are not afforded the same opportunity to study their parts as in stage work. There are no lines to commit to memory, as all motion picture plays are written in the form of scenarios, which give the story briefly, the scenes, and important stage business.

Only the leading members of a company prepare for their rôles in advance. They obtain the scenario from the stage director, read it over to form a conception of the part, and to decide upon their costumes. The minor members know nothing of the story or the parts they are to play until the picture is called for rehearsal. Then they are simply told by the director to "make up" for a policeman, a butler, a maid, a merchant, an Indian, or whatever the case may be. By the time everybody is made up and dressed, the scene is set and properties there to work with. The director explains the story, and tells the players how he wants it to proceed, for this aids them in giving a realistic portrayal.

A scene is rehearsed several times, and when it is satisfactory to the director, he calls out, "All right, this is the picture!"—which in film parlance means "camera man get busy" and "actors do your best." The players then go through the scene as rehearsed, and it is photographed by the motion picture camera.

Although interior scenes are taken in the studio with "set" scenery specially painted for each play, the exterior scenes, with but few exceptions, are rehearsed and photographed outside the studio — in the street, in the park, on the water, or wherever the locale of the story demands. Moving picture actors, made up for their parts, may often be seen on Broadway or other prominent thoroughfares playing a scene for some photo-play.

The players seem to derive a great deal of enjoyment from their work. There is a sort of intermingling of toil and pleasure in posing for pictures, as it affords opportunities for outings in the country, automobile rides, visits to the beach, and other

(Continued on page ix)

MIRIAM NESBITT
Well-known leading woman with the Edison Company

JOHN BUNNY
A popular player with the Vitagraph Company

Scenes in "Ready Money" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

White Leo Donnelly, Elizabeth Nelson, Ida Darling, Fay Wallace, Norman Tharp, James Bradbury, Margaret Greene, Henry Miller, Jr.
Act I. "Where is Stephen?"

White William Courtenay Joseph Kilgour Scott Cooper
Act III. Stephen Baird (William Courtenay): "Here is your check, Mr. Morgan"

Gilbert & Bacon — Sarony

THREE CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS OF LOTTA CRABTREE, THE MOST FAMOUS COMEDIENNE OF HER TIME

America's Richest Actress

ONE night last spring a certain auburn-haired actress of great renown and popularity was playing an entertaining little comedy at the Hollis Streeet Theatre in Boston. After the play was over a petite, lovable old lady, who had been sitting in a stage box watching the performance, made her way with an escort back of the scenes and met the fair young star with the reddish tresses. Then for the first time bystanders, members of the company, and even the stage hands—who knew the identity of the elderly lady—noticed that the young star was almost exactly the size of the visitor, and that, curiously enough, the hair of each was almost the same color. Excepting occasional streaks of grey the hair of the elderly visitor was almost as attractive a red as that of the star who was receiving the homage of a dozen admirers.

"Miss Burke," remarked Victor E. De Kiraly, the affable business manager of the fair Billie, "let me present to you Miss Crabtree."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Crabtree," replied Miss William Burke, extending her hand cordially.

"And I am pleased to meet you, too, my dear," responded the charming and gracious lady. "For several years my friends have told me that in you they have seen me reincarnated as I was in my younger days."

The large round eyes of Billie Burke grew even rounder and larger. "Really?" she smiled. "Then you were on the stage, too?"

Miss Crabtree sighed, and there was almost a note of regret in the wistful way she spoke.

"My dear child," she said kindly, "I retired from the stage before you were born. The public has little use for us after we have passed the meridian of life. That is why I am delighted to see you so successful when you are young, beautiful, fascinating, magnetic. Make the most of your wonderful youth, my dear. Guard it carefully. Take no liberties that will tarnish that splendid beauty which now so becomes you. Ah, yes, you are indeed very like what I was when I was your age, my dear Miss Burke, and now see—it has been so many years since I was a star that even to the elder generation I am only a name. Yet it seems only yesterday that I was playing in crowded theatres to capacity audiences and receiving the applause of the multitude. Not that I regret that it is all past. No, no! I have lived my life, I have been successful and I have retired. The stage demands new faces, new ideas, new stars; and I am glad since they have taken you to their hearts that after all, in a way, you are something like what I was like when I was your age. It is an indirect compliment to me, my dear. And now, my dear Miss Burke, that I have seen you, talked with you, and learned to love you also, I must say adieu. It is very late for an old woman like me to be around. My car is waiting, so I must go. Come and lunch with me to-morrow—I love to look at your auburn hair, for mine, too, was red when I was young. Good-bye."

Photo Chas. S. Howard

LOTTA AS SHE LOOKS TO-DAY

And, aided by her escort, the little elderly lady bowed gracefully with the air of a grand dame making her exit after a big scene, walked to the stage door and disappeared into the handsome limousine car which was waiting outside.

"What a dear old lady," cried Miss Burke, in an amused kind of way, after the visitor had gone. "Who was she?"

"That," replied Mr. De Kiraly seriously, "was Lotta. In the days of her greatest renown she was the most famous comedienne

of her time. Also, she was the most popular. She is to-day the richest actress in America."

And for the benefit of others besides Miss William Burke it may be added that Lotta—otherwise Miss Charlotte Crabtree—is to-day the possessor of a fortune estimated by her closest associates at not less than $4,000,000. Most of this great fortune is invested in Boston real estate, where she owns outright the Park Theatre, valued at over $600,000 and two hotels in the heart of the business district, the two together conservatively estimated at being worth $1,500,000. She owns a dozen other splendid pieces of real estate, a large farm in the suburbs, and countless stocks and bonds in various railroad and industrial enterprises.

Furthermore, every dollar of this enormous fortune was made on the stage, although a few lucky investments added to the bulk of Lotta's fortune after she had retired. In fact, she made far more than $4,000,000 during her stage career, and except for a few bad business speculations, in which large sums of money are said to have been lost, she would be worth nearer ten millions to-day than the paltry four millions at her disposal.

LOTTA WITH ONE OF HER STABLE PETS
The actress's affection for animals is well known, and she is particularly fond of horses

Lotta—as she was briefly and affectionately known during her entire stage career—is the daughter of a Scotchman, James Crabtree, who emigrated to California during the early days of the gold rush. He took with him his wife, his little daughter, then about six years old, and a son two years younger, William Crabtree. Lotta was then a little tot with bright red hair, who sang and danced to entertain the miners. As she grew older she found that the Californians liked the spectacle of a red-haired kid dancing, singing and playing the banjo, and she found it profitable to travel from one camp to another. Her mother was always with her on these travels, and soon Lotta—as she was billed—became a popular entertainer all along the California coast.

By the time Lotta was sixteen it is said that she was such a favorite in the dance halls and mining camps that whenever she sang and danced—and played the banjo as an accompaniment—the miners fairly rose to their feet and threw gold coins upon the stage to show their appreciation.

In these dance halls and saloons, with an improvised stage for the entertainers, and no price of admission, it was always customary for the generous patrons to throw small coins upon the stage as pay for the performers, but until the advent of Lotta it is not recorded that anyone ever received a deluge of $5 gold pieces.

Lotta herself, in telling of her early days in California, has often told her associates that when her mother came out to pick up all the coins in a small basket after her act there would often be as much as $400 and $500 in one collection.

During the time from 1855 until 1865 Lotta sang and danced her way up and down the Pacific Coast. Then her shrewd mother, who by this time had become her manager and mentor—owing to the death of her father—conceived the idea that Lotta could make a great deal of money if some one would provide her with a play to be given in a regular theatre at full admission prices. Between mother and daughter, and with the assistance of the brother, they evolved a nondescript kind of entertainment which could scarcely be called either a play or a comedy, in which Lotta was shown as a waif of the mining camps, in a little ragged dress, the guardian angel of a good-hearted but poor miner, who was so discouraged that he had taken to drink. Then, of course, the little ray of sunshine came in to cheer him up and make him persevere, until at last he struck the gold quartz which made him a millionaire.

The whole idea was to give Lotta a chance to fill out a full evening's entertainment, with the assistance of several actors, and Lotta put in most of the time doing her specialties. But even in these early ventures Lotta struck a sympathetic and pathetic note which showed that even though a comedienne she could draw tears as well as smiles.

An invasion of the East came naturally enough, and her success was absolute and unqualified. Under the wise management of her mother, Lotta appeared in dozens of plays, all of the same general Western character, except "Little Nell and the Marchioness," which was her most ambitious dramatic achievement. In all of the Western comedy dramas Lotta was the neglected waif of either the mining

Lotta having fun with her favorite dog

A corner of Lotta's summer home at Squantum, Mass.

camp or the street, or the poor sister in a Cinderella drama who, in spite of hardships and adversity, was still bright, cheerful, happy and gay, with a philosophy of cheerfulness. And at intervals the plot always stopped abruptly to give her a chance to sing, dance, or play the banjo. The best known of Lotta's plays were "Zip," "Musette," "The Little Detective," and "Mam'selle Nitouche." The last named was from the French, and Lotta scored her greatest success in this.

The plays in which Lotta appeared would seem archaic enough in these days of the theatre, no doubt, but in the twenty years between 1865 and 1885, the American public revelled in the offerings of Lotta. Wherever she appeared, the theatres were packed. In San Francisco, the town which had first witnessed her triumphs, the City Council passed a resolution accepting an offer of Lotta to present to the city a fountain to be placed on Market Street, in the heart of the town, and this fountain — still known as Lotta's Fountain—is one of the sights of the city which endured earthquake and fire.

In the office of John B. Schoeffel, the veteran manager of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and who incidentally was the manager of Lotta for several seasons, is an interesting book of the receipts of the Park Theatre for the season 1882-83. In this book, turning casually the dusty pages a few weeks ago, I noticed that Edwin Booth played at the Park Theatre for four weeks to receipts of about $7,500 weekly; Lawrence Barrett played his classic repertoire to only about $4,000 weekly, and then Lotta inaugurated a four weeks' engagement in her popular repertoire. Instantly the receipts jumped up to $9,500 the first week; $9,700 the second week, and the last two weeks were played to approximately $10,000 a week.

An interesting and rather unusual feature of this entry of thirty years ago in Mr. Schoeffel's book is the fact that every night the book showed such items as "Paid to Mrs. Crabtree, $831.67," or some other unusual amount. This is explained by the fact that Mrs. Crabtree was a unique business genius, who personally managed her daughter's affairs, and trusted no one. It is the custom of most theatres playing stars and companies on sharing terms—that is, dividing the gross receipts according to a certain percentage—to make the settlements at the end of the week. This is because the average company manager does not want to collect money every night and carry around several thousand dollars in his pockets. Mrs. Crabtree, however, would never trust any theatre over night. She often said that if the theatre burned down during the night she would have her money, and therefore she preferred to collect at every performance.

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GRACE GEORGE

To appear this season in "Turandot," a Chinese play by Volmoeller, which Prof. Max Reinhardt produced in Berlin with great success

But the dear old lady also didn't like to carry money around, and so she usually asked for a check. And thereby hangs a funny story as told by Mr. Schoeffel.

"I think it was that very season of 1882-83," said Mr. Schoeffel, "while Lotta was playing the Park Theatre to such enormous receipts. I owned the Park Theatre then in association with my partner, the late Henry E. Abbey. Mr. Abbey was operating in New York, putting on several big productions. He scarcely ever knew the value of money, or how hard it is to accumulate it. All he knew was how to spend it in case he wanted to obtain a certain result. This led him to wire me one day: 'Must have $25,000 to-morrow by two o'clock.'

"This was no small order, for I happened to know that my bank balance was very light, and I wondered how I would raise the money. I finally went to my friend, the president of a certain bank where I carried my account, and told him I must have $25,000 that very day.

"He excused himself, went in to see the cashier, came back in a few minutes, and said: 'Of course you shall have it. Just write out your check.'

"I explained that my bank balance was not big enough for me to write any such check, and that I was at least $20,000 short.

" 'Nonsense,' he replied. 'The cashier says your account is now over $26,000. Simply write out your check and we will cash it for that amount.'

"I hurried back to the theatre, went over my check book carefully, and then compared it with the bank statement. Would you believe it, not one of the checks I had given Mrs. Crabtree during the past month had been cashed, and the good lady who was so afraid of the theatre burning down, had checks of mine for over $20,000, which she carried around in her handbag. She showed them all to me that night at the theatre. That was an example of her careless business methods. I made her cash the checks, and then the bank kindly took my note for ten days for the amount Mr. Abbey needed."

At the height of her success as a star, in 1888, and without any farewell tour, Lotta suddenly retired from the stage. What reason actuated her, no one knows.

(*Continued on page viii*)

Photo Larcher, Paris

THE HARI-KARI SCENE IN PAUL ANTHELME'S DRAMA, "JAPANESE HONOR," TO BE PRESENTED HERE BY CHARLES FROHMAN

French Successes Shortly To Be Seen Here

ARRANGED for production in New York during the coming season are two plays that were received favorably in the theatres of Paris, which receive a subsidy from the State—these are "Primerose," now in the repertory of the Théâtre Français, and "L'Honneur Japonais," which was seen at the close of the last season at the Odéon. Of this tale of old Japan and "Primerose," which is a scene of modern Parisian society of to-day, there is nothing in common, it is needless to say, except that for both pieces translation and not adaptation would suffice.

Paul Anthelme, author of "Japanese Honor," a drama in five acts and six scenes, is an old man; there are indications that his play is not of recent composition, but had been awaiting that timeliness which is happy for author, play and theatre alike. "Japanese Honor" is old-fashioned, agreeably so, and bears no family likeness to recent Oriental plays, as, for instance, "The Typhoon." Its success might inspire publishers to bring out a new edition of Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," a book long crowded to the wall by the interpretations of Pierre Loti, Percival Lowell and Lafcadio Hearn. Possibly, however, the popularity of "Japanese Honor" is due more to its sound construction on good, if antiquated lines, than to its theme.

Readers will make a mistake if they believe that because these two plays come from the two subsidized Parisian theatres they are equally endorsed by the French, and their appeal was made to exactly similar audiences. For Frenchmen the cachet of the Français cannot be duplicated. No other theatre in Paris has a history like that the large, dim salle and dingy dome of the Comédie can boast. The "traditions" of this theatre are not mere catchwords, but a most beneficent reality essential to the customary comfort of Parisian life. The Odéon is not in any degree a rival of the Théâtre Français, though it is a smaller copy of that establishment. Its function is to operate as a *pépinière* or nursery for its elder—to try young talents, shape them, make them flexible, and then hand them over to the upper house. The arrival of an author at the Français is an incontestibly greater event. It was assuredly the triumph in the career of Messrs. G. A. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, who have been writing for a dozen years for the smaller theatres, to have their "Primerose" given there. The piece was a success, as it amply deserved to be, but there are many Parisians who could not forgive M Claretie for bringing out "Primerose" on the first French stage It is a pretty little story, and as modest as Zola's "Le Reve," but while everyone admires, indeed, the restraint exhibited by the authors of it (who wrote also "Le Bois Sacré," a piece spoiled for us last year under the absurd title of "Decorating Clementine"), everyone must marvel, also, at its lack of theatrical "situation." "Primerose," with de Féraudy as Cardinal de Merance Mlle. Leconte in the name rôle, and Grand as Pierre de Lancrey, was played as well as possible, and upholstered even better. The first scene, a hall in an ancient château at Angers, for splendor and perfection of detail gave even the Parisians something to rave about; but the piece was said—in whispers—to be, according to the vulgar phrase, "too thin" for the Théâtre Français. Upholstery has never played such a part at this State theatre as during the reign, now a long one, of the present director. He proved very early that he was a radical, and he has introduced a hundred novelties. During his administration—a brilliant one—the Théâtre Français has made money. This it had rarely done before, and conservative Parisians, who think an institution so closely protected should be able to cultivate art for art's sake, complain that to make money is beneath the dignity of a rich State theatre.

The story of "Primerose" can be told in a few paragraphs. Maria Rose, whose "little" name "Primerose" lends the play its charming title, is a delightful young member of the aristocracy, whose sweetness of manner and nobility of character endear her to children and grown-ups alike. She has a rich count for father, a beautiful and kind stepmother, an adoring and match-making aunt, a cardinal for an uncle, and a pretty but whining young nephew. Surrounded by these persons and others who represent amusingly and sufficiently realistically modern French society this young woman has grown up until she has passed, by a year

or two the accepted marriageable age. This is a disappointment to most of the relatives, but a real grief to the matchmaking Mme. de Sermaize, whose joy appears a little excessive when "Primerose," in a deliciously written scene, confesses that her heart has been touched at last, and that she has written an avowal of love to Pierre de Lancry, a man of forty, rich and cosmopolitan. To this letter, which she caused to be given Pierre on the day of a religious fête, when her uncle the cardinal is performing the ancient ceremony of "blessing the dogs," Primerose is nervously awaiting an answer. Between receiving it and the time appointed for his reply, Pierre gets word of his utter loss of fortune. It would be dishonorable, of course, for him to expose the great heiress, and as delicately as possible Pierre rejects her. Business, he explains, calls him back to Texas, where his funds are invested. In passing it may be noted how intimately Pierre knows Texas, for he has penetrated so far into the darkness of that State as to become acquainted with a tribe of cannibals!

Primerose, not to be fribbled off with excuses, assures Pierre that she will wait for him; he will not permit this—at length she is forced to believe that he does not love her. What is left? The convent. Uncle Cardinal permits himself to be used to expedite her retirement from the world.

In the second act Primerose, having passed her novitiate, is sent out in her habit and accompanied by a nun to "make commissions." Her first is to her own family, and there she encounters Pierre returned from cannibalistic Texas with a new fortune, able to reveal his love without dishonor, and to clear away the doubts his abrupt refusal had caused. But it is too late. The lovers hold back their tears and Primerose returns to her cell.

The French Government, no less, obligingly provides material for a third act and a happy ending by sequestrating the property of religious orders and banishing such sisters as refuse to return to a secular life and habit. The mother superior of Primerose's convent takes refuge in Belgium, and writes to the young woman to join her, but once convinced—the Cardinal convinces her—that her spiritual marriage is dissolved, Primerose promises to make herself and Pierre happy. This is the little story, embellished, it is true, by the well-known sparkle of the collaborators, and made moving by the artful use of old devices. To make it go surely required the resources of the Comédie Française, of actors and decorations.

The opportunities of M. Anthelme's play fall to the men of the cast. This is as it should be in a theme so masculine as a story of the old Samurai, a caste which no longer exists in Japan. The time is one of transition, falling at the period of the final extinction of these noblemen, and perhaps at the beginning of the reign of the progressive emperor, who died last August. This dignitary appears impressively in the last scene of the final act of "L'Honneur Japonais," and the words which he speaks to bring down the curtain foretell the extirpation of all antique models, including that of honor. The play, as a dramatic composition, seems to go back to the date of the "Tour de Nesle" and similar pieces where common intrigue and simple breakage of a certain commandment were not sufficient theatrical food for Parisians, whose palates demanded monsters of virtue and vice with murders interpolated — a vast, delightful complication of crime. Yagoro, the hero played by Joubé, Prince Osaka by Des Jardins, and the other male characters have everything to do with the plot, and Mlle. Delmas, very much admired at the Odéon, was obliged to be contented with "Chrysanthème," a small, decorative bit.

All things considered, the tragedy of "Japanese Honor" is a decent tragedy; it may be almost said, provokingly decent. True, one of its acts, the third, passes in a teahouse, where the characters of the ladies are no better than they should be, but the spectator is too wide awake not to be sure that Yagoro is passing his time there not because he loves loose company, but that he may hoodwink his enemies into believing that he has fallen out of honor, and so be in a better position to perfect his conspiracy against them. We feel, throughout, that Yagoro is an amiable Japanese, driven by fate to commit crimes of which murder is but one, and for him we have all through the warmest sympathy.

The plot of the piece turns on an incident which Western minds would consider trivial, while Orientals esteem it of deep consequence. In order to compliment Prince Sendai, a fellow nobleman, Prince Osaka presents him with a fan signed by a famous painter, Yorinobon. The recipient of the gift is delighted, and turns over, in his mind and aloud, to members of his band of

White Pedro de Cordoba Forrest Robinson Malcolm Williams Florence Reed Benjamin Graham Eva Randolph

Act III. Bettina (Florence Reed): "Did I not tell you he had an inspiration?"

SCENE IN " THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

White

Richard Dennison
(William Morris)

Mrs. Richard Dennison
(Olive Harper Thorne)

Act II. Mrs. Dennison searches for the lady whom she thinks her husband is hiding

SCENE IN "LITTLE MISS BROWN," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

Samurai, ways of acknowledging the compliment, when the artist Yorinobon is introduced, looks at the fan, denies that he decorated it, and pronounces the signature a forgery. Sendai, outraged, begins at once to think of vengeance. He accuses Osaka of insulting him by means of a counterfeit. Osaka protests his innocence, Sendai's rage increases, and he insults Osaka by striking him across the face publicly. There is nothing left for Osaka but disembowelment—hari-kari,—and he suicides in this unpleasant but strictly Japanese fashion, leaving to his Samurai, of which band Yagoro is the chief, the task of avenging him; not an easy task, for Sendai is protected by his vast wealth, his numerous retainers, and, more than all, by the friendship of the Emperor. Moreover, it is, or was, customary for the Samurai who have lost their head, to renounce home and family ties, and to wander lawlessly about the country, a band of Roudins. This tradition is faithfully observed by Yagoro and his fellows, and the fable marches through many disagreeable incidents, which we are induced to pardon—nay, admiringly to witness—because they are agreeably mingled with some exquisite display of affection, to the denouement which can be nothing less than the violent murder of Prince Sendai.

From Comœdia Illustré

Mlle. Guintini leaving the Paris Conservatoire after winning the first prize for tragedy. The ordeal badly overtaxed her strength, for she is escorted to the cab in an almost fainting condition

Antique, it must be admitted, as is the machinery of "L'Honneur Japonais," the dialogue is not contemporary with the piece by Dumas, nor to the "Juif Errant," which may be called the father of this kind of play. It is, on the other hand, quite modern in a certain nervous aptness to the situation, as may be seen by the following translation of the concluding scene of Act IV:

(*Yagoro's beautiful daughter Miya has just been married to Kintzei, a Samurai of Osaka, when his chief returns to call him to aid in the assassination of Prince Sendai.*)

MIYA (*supplicating*): Even should the attack succeed, they would not let Prince Sendai's murderers live. You are lost to me.

YAGORO: Silence, my daughter! Kintzei, I have seen you grow up, I admire your character. To-night I come to announce the great honor that has befallen you, and to rejoice with your friends. We are glad to put you at our head, because you are a trained warrior, and our society has for its end the forming of courageous men.

KINTZEI: If I refuse, you will despise me?

YAGORO: Before we set out I wish you to know what kind of men you refuse to associate with, so that you may measure the depth of shame into which you fall. This man (designating one) is Kobayashi, he never was a Samurai. He never took the oath. Nothing obliges him to follow us, but he was a devoted servant of his master. The morning after Prince Osaka's death he humbly solicited the favor of joining us. I was obliged to tell him that in a warlike enterprise none could join who was not exercised in arms. He understood me; he has practiced and drilled assiduously, and at the first sign he has come hither to aid in our vengeance.

KOBAYASHI: I thank you again for admitting a poor slave like me in your noble work. I will cheerfully shoulder my share of the task.

YAGORO: Here is Ouakami, who leaves behind him with two children only their father's reputation. This is Yamato, who has quitted a newly wedded wife. And this man is not of those who bathed his hand in the blood of our master, yet he is with us. Tell him why, Ouakami.

OUAKAMI: He is Saito, Takeshimaya's son. He was not at the taking of the oath, but his father was. That father died before the great day of retribution. On his deathbed he gave his sword to this son and bade him receive the oath as a legacy.

SAITO: Happy am I to be able to prove my respect to the memory of my father.

YAGORO: Tell him how Otori was bound to us.

OUAKAMI: He tenderly loved his old mother, a woman like your own.

YAGORO (*to Kintzei*): You remember her—your mother?

OUAKAMI: That noble lady seeing that he hesitated, fearing to leave her alone in the world, killed herself after uttering to her son these words: "I would not see you unfaithful to your lord, out of tenderness for me. Execute your project."

OTORI: I have not only to avenge our prince, but my mother also. If anyone has pity on Prince Sendai, it will not be I.

YAGORO (*to Kintzei*): These are the men whose company you disdain. They are not exceptional; our country counts them by millions, ready to die for their duty. Consider well before you refuse to join us.

KINTZEI (*sadly*): Your conduct will be admirable; I would be one of you if I could. Every man knows what he can do. All the Samurai of Osaka are not here. There are others like me who do not feel obliged to follow you.

YAGORO: Since you desire the safety of cowards, adieu!

THE SAMURAI: Adieu, Kintzei.

OUAKAMI: Adieu, Kintzei. May the memory of this night prove not too heavy to bear. (*They go out.*)

MIYA: Let them go. Not a man will return from that doomed enterprise.

YAGORO'S WIFE: Well, is it not a Samurai's profession to know how to die?

KINTZEI (*deciding to join his father-in-law*): Miya, my well-beloved, adieu!

MIYA (*freeing herself from the arms of her mother and precipitating herself into those of Kintzei*): What do you mean?

KINTZEI: Do you believe that a man of my rank can endure an affront of this kind? I would have it here—in my heart—forever.

MIYA: You swore to me but an instant ago that you lived only for me. Why have you so quickly changed?

KINTZEI: I have looked shame in the face. Because I love you with all my soul, I am going where duty calls me. Heaven has made you too rare a creature ever to be the wife of a dishonored man! (*He rushes away, and Miya falls weeping in her mother's arms.*)

The taste of an exhibition of barbarism like "Japanese Honor" may be questioned by American audiences; but there are in this play qualities which should bring it success here. It has a kind of rude but robust moral, and it has also a sort of nobility of sentiment. One would have to be a genuine student of historical Japan before he could say that the story of this novel drama, as a picture of ancient manners and morals, is not garbled, but having accepted the view of a strange society, one would hesitate to pronounce it untrue to human nature.

WILLIS STEELL.

The Mimic Stage

Four acts! There you have a play,
A mimic world, true now as if 'twere yesterday,
Recording as the finger of the fates
Those few, strange, simple aggregates
That make up at the basis of all life
The story of our human strife.
Birth, marriage, death, the life to come,
These are the separate items in life's sum;
And these four pictured on the stage
Are all the play from prehistoric age.
Act one reveals temptation's puny birth;
Follows the wedding of corruption with true worth,
Whereon the second crisis in the play appears;
Then at the curtain's rise upon act three
We look upon the death of purity,
And tears are in our eyes. But, lo!
Act four breeds hope again. It is the afterglow.

ELIZABETH JELLIFFE MACINTIRE.

Royalty's Favorite Player

WHEREVER you happen to meet Sidney Valentine, you are liable to note that he wears a handsome pin in his tie. If you chance to meet him often, you will observe that he always wears the same pin. There is for this fidelity to a stickpin a commendable reason, which an examination of the pin will reveal. It is fashioned in the form of a crown, beneath which is built, of small diamonds like the crown, the letter "E." Upon the diamond "E" rests a figure seven wrought in rubies. "Edward VII, King of England," is the message signalled by the actor's favorite pin. It was a Yule gift from the late King, after one of three command performances given by him at the behest of his sovereign, two of which were at Sandringham, where the monarch retired to spend his birthday anniversaries, and where he entertained and did what he liked, sans all court formalities.

"Here I enjoy myself as does any country gentleman," said Edward VII of Sandringham.

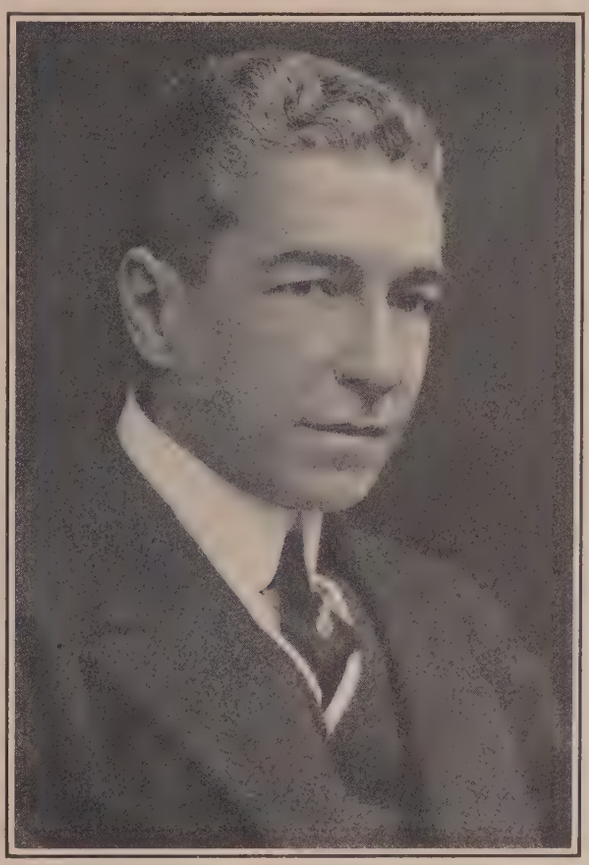
After another of these command performances Mr. Valentine received a similar token of his monarch's good will, a pair of sleeve-links of similar design.

But quite as much as this the actor treasures the evidence of the admiration of that uncrowned monarch, the American theatre-going public. "At last," he wrote on the margin of an American newspaper which he sent to his devoted wife in London. For the newspaper contained a review of the opening of The Little Theatre, with "The Pigeon," and emphasized the versatility of Sidney Valentine, whom we saw playing the polished advocate in "The Butterfly on the Wheel," and later the sodden reprobate, a gin-soaked, drunken cabby.

For which discovery America makes claim to a greater critical perspicacity, since Mr. Valentine had been playing in London for twenty-three years, having left off coquetting with the provinces in 1889, and held the post of an established and admired actor in the world's metropolis for that time, yet in that long term of service no British analyst of an actor's quality had ever referred to his exceeding versatility. His name had been coupled with "thorough," "painstaking," "finished," "artistic," but he had to come to the States to acquire the deserved term, "versatile." When he played in "The Terrible Meek" a Roman captain, being a voice in the dark for fully fifty minutes, audiences recognized in him rare values of elocution, and critics wrote "very" and "remarkably" and "exceedingly" before "versatile."

Mr. Valentine's methods are an example of "infinite pains." He trusts no iota of a performance to the inspiration of the moment. Every inflection, every slightest gesture, every movement, is the result of searching study. His rendering of a rôle is as complete as a master workman's finished mosaic. He has been for thirty-one years on the stage, his début having occurred on Boxing Day, 1881, at Wellington Hall, Dover. Joining T. R. Nugent's Stock Company touring Wales, he ran the gamut from pantomime to Shakespeare. This wandering repertoire company frequently gave six pieces in one week, besides farces and burlesques. This hard but invaluable experience was followed by a similar one with Mr. Walter Searle in a stock season in Scotland.

Thus, according to Mr. Valentine's conviction, he "was started right." Circumstances compelled him to play every part that came his way. Any line the stage manager chose to fling him was his line. Thus was the foundation for versatility laid. In his opinion, all actors should be versatile. "He should be able to play any part," he says: "That is what actors are for."



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SIDNEY VALENTINE

He joined Mr. Collette's company, playing Richard Forester in "The Colonel" for two years. His début in London was made at The Prince of Wales Theatre, playing whatever the stage manager chose and varying from utility to leads in "My Awful Dad," "The Liar," "A Game of Speculation" and "Cut Off With a Shilling."

Yet a taste of this quality as an actor was sufficient to lead Edward Compton to assign him the rôles of Young Marlowe, Joseph Surface, Captain Dudley Smooth, and The Squire in "David Garrick." In 1886 he played Tony Lumpkins in "She Stoops to Conquer" with signal success. This engagement at the Strand Theatre aligned him with the London favorite players.

Serious illness menacing his career on the stage, even his life, followed and continued for two years. Recovering, he joined Sir Charles Wyndham's company, remaining at the Criterion for four years, during which he was never out of the cast. By the following year, when he achieved distinction in the rôle of Diggory in "She Stoops to Conquer," it became apparent that the more marked an individuality the happier was he in his rendering of it. He received emphatic testimony of this when he played Mr. Stoach, M.P., in "The Bauble Shop," with such force that the pit angrily jeered the person and utterances of the character he portrayed. Subsequently he went to the vaudeville. For a considerable time he was a member of the Lyceum Company. As a member of Sir Henry Irving's company he played Nathan Oldworthy in "Nance Oldfield," Jerome in "The Lyons Mail," and Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice."

ADA PATTERSON.

Copyright Alfred Ellis & Walery

In "A Marriage of Convenience"

In "A Privy Council"

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In "Frander's Widow"

An American Oberammergau

REV. WILLIAM N. GUTHRIE
Rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, who plans to create an organization in New York comparable with the Oberammergau players

IT has long been prophesied and at last the prediction is coming true—the American stage is redeeming itself. In this the stage is only following the lead of the drama itself, which of late has been striving and in a large measure has attained redemption. This is self-evident in the vast improvement noticeable both in the themes and technic of the plays produced during the last decade.

As in most things artistic, we are far behind Europe in matters pertaining to the dramatic art, but we are fast gaining ground and there is hope that America may yet lead the world in this art, as she is destined to do in other things that make for human progress. But the stage, at least, has much to learn as yet from the older centres of art and there are at least two European theatrical movements which as yet have found no counterparts in America. These are Oberammergau and Bayreuth. An earnest attempt, however, is now being made to establish an enterprise in America which shall embody many of the features of the Passion Playhouse, and which may in time include all that is best in Wagner's consecrated festival theatre.

As is proper, this enterprise emanates chiefly from the church, for the stage is the legitimate offspring of the church, although it has long been treated by its mother as a step-child rather than one of its own flesh and blood. But the church is beginning to realize its delinquency in this regard, and it is remarkable that the idea of this enterprise should have its conception in the oldest place of worship in New York—old St. Mark's in the Bowery. This is largely due to its energetic pastor, Dr. William Norman Guthrie, who took charge of it last year, and who, among many other innovations, is planning the building of a theatre to be operated in connection with the church. In this he has the co-operation of a number of professional players, who, entirely independent and in fact unknown to Dr. Guthrie, have been working towards a similar end, but were brought together at the psychological moment and are now bending their united efforts towards the redemption of the stage on a practical basis. The motive and, to some extent, the methods of this enterprise are here outlined:

It must be recalled that a beginning was made last year by a performance of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," given for the first time in English, and that repetitions of this play, as well as the production of several others are planned for the coming season. These will naturally be limited by the lack of a suitable auditorium and by the membership of the company, but it is expected that, by the beginning of another season, the company will muster a full quorum, sufficient for all practical purposes, and have a theatre of its own. The latter achievement is to some extent contingent upon the former and the much more difficult of attainment. It is comparatively easy to build a theatre. It is not so easy to organize a company of competent artists to play in it. It is in the hope of augmenting the nucleus of such a company which already exists that this article is written. Idealism still exists—nay, it persists. Men are still hitching their wagons to stars and are doing it more and more frequently. All sorts of conditions of vehicles are to be found in the procession. Surely the car of Thespis will not be lacking.

The stage is the compendium of all the arts, of many of the sciences and crafts, and has had in the past, as well as to some extent in the present, a powerful influence in the private and public affairs of men. All art is sacred in its origin, and especially so the dramatic, growing as it did out of the ancient mysteries, when consecrated men wrote and enacted the plays which conveyed to the populace in acceptable form the teachings they would not have appreciated otherwise. Like other sacred things, in process of time, it fell from its high estate and was degraded and sold into bondage to Mammon. But a renaissance occurred from time to time, and it is to be noted that every such rebirth had a sacred origin; as, for instance, the miracle and morality plays of the Middle Ages. Every such renaissance was more or less a redemption, and in our day there is again great need of an awakening. Again the stage has fallen from high estate, for, while it never had a greater technical perfection than at present, it has never been so utterly commercialized. This is especially true in Anglo-Saxon countries, and more especially in America, a fact only too well recognized and deplored. There is need of a diagnosis of the disease and the application of a remedy.

The plan is as follows: A number of artists are binding themselves together in a company, determined to make their influence felt, not only through the cleanliness and uprightness of their own lives, but also through their art. To this end they must of necessity have got beyond any incentive of gain, vanity or ambition. They must be willing to give their services freely and in return content themselves with that minimum which will suffice for their needs. For this last point there are two reasons, a spiritual and an economic one. Firstly, that in any endeavor which has a spiritual basis superfluity is a hindrance; and, secondly, that by the lessening of expenses it will be possible to bring the drama in its highest form within the reach of the multitudes who are now denied the benefit of its message on account of prohibitive cost. A high ideal, truly, and impossible of realization, it may be thought, and yet it is realized often in other spheres of activity. Thousands of men and women do thus consecrate themselves to the church, charity, missionary work, etc. Some artists do—musicians, painters, even poets. But alas! few histrionic artists, though they have greater need of it than any others, for the truly great actor must have a keen and deep knowledge of human nature, otherwise he cannot truly portray it. Knowledge of others can, however, be gained only by knowledge of self, and conquest of art can only come through conquest of self. This attainment is doubly difficult in his case, for the nature of his work requires that he should lay open the recesses of his inmost soul to the public gaze; something which no one can do without deterioration unless the act is performed as a sacred function, as a sacrifice to the glory of God and the service of men. This means high attainment, but not an impossible one, and when the desirability as well as the possibility of a realization of this ideal is recognized many fine souls who now devote themselves to other altruistic work will seek the stage, and then it will become, even more than in the distant past, a potent factor in the evolution of the race.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that this enterprise is to be self supporting, as indeed it must

(*Continued on page vii*)

Photos White

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN "THE MERRY COUNTESS," NOW RUNNING AT THE CASINO

No. 1. Jose Collins as Countess Rosalinda Cliquot. No. 2. Frank Farrington, A. W. Baskomb and Tom A. Shale in Act III. No. 3. Forest Huff, Maurice Farkoa, Claude Flemming, and Martin Brown in Act III. No. 4. Jose Collins as the Countess. No. 5. The Dolly Sisters and Martin Brown. No. 6. Mlle. Dazie, the popular dancer

Reminiscences of America's Oldest Actress

Mrs. Sol Smith is the oldest actress on the American stage. In her eighty-second year she has finished the extensive memoirs from which the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *embarrassed by the mass of rich material, has made the excerpts* that follow. Her book might appropriately be named "Fifty Years on the American Stage," for last May she celebrated that memorable night, half a century ago, when she made her début on the stage of the famous Boston Museum, of which her father, W. H. Sedley, had been director for twenty-five years. Her mother, Sarah Riddle, was one of the most popular actresses of that time. Mrs. Smith, while a musician and comedienne of high merit, achieved her greatest success as the portrayer of old women. She has been the Nurse of many Juliets. She played with Booth and Barrett, with Lester Wallack and Dion Boucicault, James A. Herne, Richard Mansfield, Rose Coghlan and Edith Wynne Mathison. Beginning her theatrical career as long ago as May 12, 1862, as Margery in "The Rough Diamond," with John E. Owens, she is rounding it into the present and future by a two-years' contract recently signed with Mr. David Belasco.*

ALTHOUGH reared in the atmosphere of the theatre, my tastes inclined me in the direction of domestic life, therefore the stage did not possess any alluring charm for me; but after endeavoring to provide for the necessities of my little family by teaching music I was forced to abandon my attempts to earn a livelihood by this means and accept the more lucrative promise of income which the stage presented to me.

I asked my father, W. H. Sedley, who for twenty-five years was stage director of the Boston Museum, to give me instruction, which he flatly refused to do, saying: "Select some small part—do not attempt to be too ambitious—something in which you can introduce your music. I will see your performance, and if I think you exhibit any ability, after that I will give you my aid. I want to see what you can do alone." Therefore, as Mrs. Sedley Brown, at the Boston Theatre, on the night of May 12, 1862, I made my first appearance on any stage as Margery in "The Rough Diamond," with John E. Owens as Cousin Joe, for the benefit of E. L. Davenport, a most interesting man and a fine nature, for whose abilities I had always entertained an earnest admiration. In addition to the claims of the beneficiary, the popularity of my parents and the social interest attached to my début in my native city combined to make the occasion an attractive one and resulted in the net sum of twelve hundred dollars being placed at the disposal of Mr. Davenport. The newspapers spoke flatteringly of my success and before long I made my second appearance in public at the Boston Museum on the occasion of my father's benefit as Marie in the drama "The Child of the Regiment," singing all the music of the opera, an unusual thing to do outside the Opera. At the ending of the first act, in bidding adieu to the soldiers, I broke down completely with emotion. After the curtain had fallen, my father said to me: "My child, you have one requisite for an artist—earnestness; but never again be so earnest as to forget to act."

My third appearance was at the Boston Theatre, when I played Gertrude in "The Loan of a Lover" for the benefit of honest Tom Comer, the highly esteemed leader of the orchestra of that house. This proved an evening of coincidences, for, strange to say, it was not only the last benefit he ever had, but it was also the anniversary of the marriage of my father and mother, at which he had officiated as groomsman.

MRS. SOL SMITH
As the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"

My ability for the stage having been sufficiently indicated by the success which had attended me in my first steps, and no engagement presenting itself at home, I came to New York, applied at the Winter Garden for the Summer season and secured an opening in August, 1862, to appear as Margery. This was the real beginning of my professional career. The necessity of establishing myself in the estimation of the public made the occasion of my metropolitan début one of serious importance. I had my own living to earn, my children to rear and educate. I went, very properly I think, to the editors of the various newspapers, stating my case and asking the favor of their attention and kindly consideration, which, I am pleased to say, they courteously extended, all bestowing a favorable verdict on my efforts. Laura Keene attended the performance on the occasion of my second appearance in New York and engaged me, affording me excellent opportunities in many delightful plays she was producing at the time. I was very happy in such parts as Sophia in "The Road to Ruin" and Gertrude in "The Little Treasure." My personality was adapted to vaudeville and burlesque; my hair, abundant and fair, had the touch of gold which distinguished one branch of my family. This attribute was the only means of obtaining for me the title rôle of a play in which I appeared, called "Blondette." Following this engagement, I became associated with Mrs. John Wood. Among other pieces, I supported Mrs. Wood in "Brother and Sister," "Fair One With Golden Locks," and "Actress By Daylight," at a salary of thirty-five dollars per week and a clear half benefit. My benefit was given me after Mrs. Wood's, which took place at the close of the season. I had one hundred dollars more in the house than Mrs. Wood, but this was on account of the weather—mine was a fine evening, Mrs. Wood's very stormy. My bill was "Actress By Daylight," in which I played a delightful soubrette part, and "Good for Nothing."

At the termination of that season I accepted a short engagement at the Boston Theatre, during which I played Lazavillo in "Don Cæsar," Maria in "The School for Scandal," Georgina in "Money" and Ely in "The Colleen Bawn." One night, in the scene where Danny Mann throws Ely into the water, the trap which was in readiness for Miles and Ely to ascend was left open. I was thrown the wrong way, and seeing the open trap I screamed so loudly that the attention of the carpenters below was attracted. Looking up, they saw my danger and calling a number

*Published by permission of Mrs. Sol Smith.

Bangs

BONNIE MAUDE
Recently seen on tour with Helen Ware

"A Daughter of the Gods,
Divinely Tall and Fair."
—TENNYSON

of their comrades they arranged themselves in such a way as to catch me as I fell, thereby saving my life.

This engagement was brought to a close by the death of Mr. W. R. Blake, who was taken ill while playing Sir Peter. I was the Maria. In the last scene, as he did not enter on his cue, I went off, and found him at the back of the stage in great pain. I insisted upon his returning to the stage, which he did; but he could not articulate a word. Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrows (Lady Teazle) did all that she could, but the curtain was dropped and the poor old gentleman was carried into the greenroom and laid upon the floor unconscious. He was not in a condition to be removed that night. The next morning I went to the hotel and did not leave him until a nurse came late in the afternoon. The following day I went to him and remained until he passed away. I gathered together all his valuables and sent them to the safe of the hotel, addressed to Mrs. Blake, who had not yet arrived.

Moffett

HEDWIG REICHER

This interesting young actress will be seen in the leading rôle of "June Madness," with which Mr. Winthrop Ames will inaugurate his new playhouse in this city

I returned to the Winter Garden, New York, then under the able management of William Stuart, acting Mrs. Swansdown in "Everybody's Friend," and Margery in "The Rough Diamond," John S. Clarke being the stellar attraction as Major DeBoots and Cowin Joe. This bill ran for sixteen weeks. During my connection with this house, our greatest American actor, Mr. Edwin Booth, made his long run in "Hamlet." During this memorable engagement Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, the leading lady, was very ill. I was taken out of the part of Osric and went on as Ophelia for a week.

I also assisted Mr. Henry Placide in "Cartouche," in which I was assigned the soubrette part. Mr. Robert Stopel, husband of Matilda Heron and father of Bijou Heron, was leader of the orchestra and composed a song, the words of which were written expressly for me by the lamented George Arnold. "The Heart of Midlothian" was performed for my benefit; I had the assistance in the cast of my father, who came on from Boston, making his last appearance in New York on this occasion.

During the season of 1866 I went to California in the interest of Dion Boucicault and E. H. House, to produce "Arrah Na Pogue" in San Francisco at the Metropolitan Theatre, then under the direction of Charles Wheatleigh. Mrs. Judah, the "old woman" of the company, was a great favorite in San Francisco, but there was no part for her in "Arrah Na Pogue." Therefore, in response to an appeal which Mr. Wheatleigh made to me, asking if something could not be done, I wrote in the part of an old beggar woman who had not one word to say, but a quantity of such effective business that Mrs. Judah made a big hit. Mrs. Annie Yeamans also appeared in that production and made a success in the barn-door jig.

Mr. Wheatleigh was obliged to return to New York on account of the death of his wife's father, so I undertook the management with great success. After "Arrah Na Pogue" I did "The Mountain Sylph," "The Bronze Horse," and a play called "Amadis," written for Mrs. John Wood by a gentleman of San Francisco. In this last I played a protean part—a fairy, a boy and a peasant. One night in changing from the boy to the fairy I made a mistake and changed to the peasant. My cue was given. Notwithstanding all the changes were made at the wing, I could not rectify the mistake quickly enough, so the curtain had to be dropped and the manager was obliged to make an apology for me. That was the first and only stage wait I ever made.

At the conclusion of the run in San Francisco, I made a tour of the mining districts with "Arrah Na Pogue." As an incident of this trip, I may relate that one night at Green Valley I was singing "The Wearing of the Green" and roused the audience to such enthusiasm that gold pieces were showered upon the stage, in which there were so many holes and cracks that the next day the stage hands picked up ten dollars beneath it and I reaped an unexpected harvest.

The trip proved a monetary success and I returned to San Francisco with a very comfortable balance to my account; but it did me little good. A person who abused my confidence gambled away thirteen thousand dollars, leaving me stranded in a distant region with hardly twenty-five cents in my pocket, one child at my side and others to be provided for in the East. A benefit was tendered to me which resulted in replenishing of my empty purse to the amount of eight hundred dollars. On this occasion I was presented with a beautiful bouquet, in which reposed a superb pin, earrings and sleeve-buttons of amethysts surrounded by small diamonds. I never knew who sent them.

During that visit to San Francisco there were two very severe earthquakes. At the time of the first shock I was sitting at breakfast at Mr. Wheatleigh's house, with Madame Anna Bishop and a Mr. Squires, who at that time assisted Madame at her concerts. All at once there was a fearful noise. Everything was thrown off of the table and we all rushed to the street. The sight was dreadful. Mr. Daniel Bandmann, who was living at a hotel near by, ran down the street in his night shirt, looking like a ghost. St. Mary's Cathedral, on the corner, was crowded and a number of persons were injured by all sorts of débris falling upon them. At the time of the second shock, I was sleeping in the Occidental Hotel. I was thrown from my bed, and my little girl, who was lying beside me, was nearly thrown from the win-

dow, all the panes of glass being demolished. It was a terrible experience.

On my return to New York, I appeared at Wallack's in "The Lancashire Lass." Mr. Wallack said to Miss Eytinge and me: "Settle on your colors between yourselves." Miss Eytinge said she would wear black and white; I was to wear green and white. We were discovered on the stage, Miss Eytinge with a black and white striped silk, I with a green and white precisely like it—and the furniture covered with blue and white of the same size stripe. Poor Mr. Wallack, sitting in the box, held up his hands in horror. After the act he came to me and said it was really the funniest picture he ever saw.

I was a very quick study. On one occasion I was called upon at four P. M. to go on that evening as Lydia Languish, a part quite unfamiliar to me. I believe I spoke every line that night, and without a rehearsal. Another time, Miss Gannon being ill, I was sent for at eleven in the morning to appear that night as Rosa Leigh in "Rosedale," with Mr. Wallack, at the Academy in Brooklyn. About five in the afternoon I received a telegram: "Your son, Sedley, was skating and fell through the ice. After some time he was taken out unconscious." I was horror-stricken, but I had no time to think, for just then Mr. Wallack came for me in his carriage and, in spite of my anxiety, I was obliged to go with him. As the curtain fell at the end of the act where Rosa is supposed to bind up Elliot Gray's arm, her back being to the audience the curtain hit my head—not very hard or I should not be here to mention it; but it stunned me and I remained unconscious twenty minutes. I was very weak during the remainder of the play and terribly worried about my boy, although a telegram had been received during the evening saying that all danger was over. But my anxiety during that evening may be imagined.

White

ROBERT HILLIARD
To be seen this season in "The Argyle Case"

Bangs

GEORGE MACFARLANE
To star in "Shan Magan," an Irish play by George H. Jessop

While under Mr. Wallack's management I was sent to make a tour of the country in a sensational drama called "Lost at Sea." During one of the performances a flashlight was sprung too near me, and though my life was saved through the presence of mind of Mr. L. R. Shewell, I lay for a month at Springfield, seriously injured. The flame caught my hair, which was hanging over my shoulders, and I was very severely burned. Dear Lizzie Maddern, mother of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, nursed me night and day. When I had sufficiently recovered to reappear, I was made the recipient of a benefit given at Wallack's Theatre. It was not until a year later that I was able to resume my professional labors. When I did return to the stage I joined the company of Miss Jane Coombs, appearing in various light comedy parts in such plays as "The Wife's Secret," "The School for Scandal" and "The Hunchback," which formed the features of her repertoire. On June 11, 1871, I was married to Mr. Sol Smith, one of Nature's noblemen.

Before my marriage, Mr. Smith exacted a promise that I would never act again, as he did not wish his wife to work, having plenty of means to take good care of myself and family. But the promise, lightly made, was not destined to be kept very long. While on our honeymoon, which we spent in London, we were dining one evening with the Chippendales at Camberwell. Among the distinguished guests was Mrs. Stirling, who was considered the greatest living Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." She was very fond of Mr. Smith, he having visited her many years before. She said: "Sol, dear, your wife will make a great Nurse one of

White

RUTH CHATTERTON
The popular young actress now appearing on the road with Henry Miller in "The Rainbow"

these days." "No, no," said my husband. "She has promised me that she will not go upon the stage again." Mrs. Stirling shook her head. "Ill luck often comes when you least expect it. One never can tell," she said. "Why do you think that she would be good as the Nurse?" asked my husband. "No one will ever compare with you." To this the dear old lady replied: "She has a big requisite that I do not possess—pathos; I can tell that by talking with her."

I asked Mrs. Stirling why so many clever actresses made the Nurse so old and decrepit and dressed her so peculiarly. She was Juliet's nurse, having lost her own baby. How could she have been so much older than Lady Capulet, who was only thirty-six at Juliet's birth? As Italian women mature so early it would have been impossible for the Nurse to be so old. As to her lameness, she was born lame. The loss of teeth meant nothing, as many lose their teeth at twenty. Mrs. Stirling replied: "My dear, I see you have marked these points and you are right. She was an Italian duenna, not an old Curtis in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' as she is usually dressed." Mrs. Stirling gave me her picture in the part, telling me the colors, and I copied it.

My visit to London was very enjoyable. The courtesy of the English theatre managers, during our stay was overwhelming in every way. One night we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, and afterwards went to the Lyceum, where we occupied Mr. Bateman's box. The play was "Fanchon," the title rôle being played by Miss Isabella Bateman. Henry Irving, then a young man, was attempting Laudry Barbeau. I really never have seen anything so bad. During one of the acts Mr. Bateman came to the box. Mr. Smith said: "For goodness sake, Papa (we all called Mr. Bateman papa), have you no person in your company that you could give that part to? Mr. Irving is atrocious." "Yes, yes," said Papa, "I know that; but, Sol, mark my words, that young man is going to make a big mark as a producer and an actor of certain parts before he is much older. I am now giving him his experience." Certainly Papa was right. Where shall we find a second Sir Henry Irving?

Miss Adelaide Neilson had been rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet." She objected to the lady who rehearsed the Nurse, and I was asked as a great favor to do it. It was the first old woman's part that I was called upon to play, and I objected on account of the short time given to prepare myself, for the request was made on a Monday and the play was to be performed the following Thursday. However, I did it. I had already committed the words to memory, as I had a good many other parts that I never expected to play—simply to improve and cultivate myself; so I consented and proceeded to have my costume made. It was not much to do, as it was very simple. When I went upon the stage dressed for the part Miss Neilson expressed surprise and delight at the correctness of my costume, which was a reproduction of the one worn by Mrs. Stirling and copied from the

(*Continued on page vi*)

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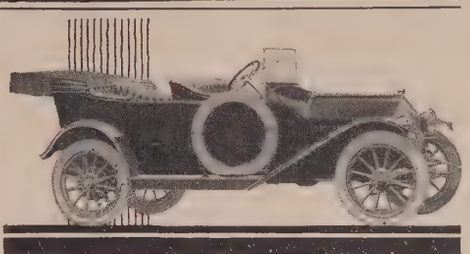

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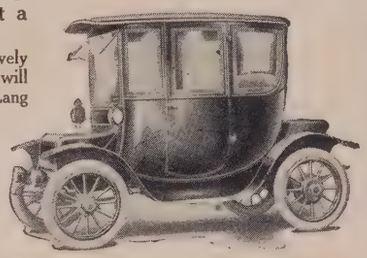

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America's Oldest Actress

(*Continued from page* 128)

that distinguished actress. I continued in the support of Adelaide Neilson during one of her tours of this country and can express nothing but admiration for her rendering of the character of Juliet. During our trip she told me much of her early life. Her mother was an actress. Before she was twelve years of age she had become acquainted with many plays, for she read her mother's playbooks, and it was her childish custom to act before an audience of dolls. She attended the Methodist church and once went out to service as a nursemaid. She was known at this time as Lizzie Ann Bland. Her first appearance was made at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1865, as Juliet. She was then called Adelaide Lessout, which was afterwards changed to Adelaide Neilson. She passed away suddenly in Paris, August 15th, 1880, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery. Her grave is marked by a white marble cross, on which is inscribed:

"Gifted and Beautiful. Resting!"

Many short engagements found me for brief periods under the direction of John T. Raymond, Dion Boucicault, Leonard Grover, and others of equal note. It would be impossible for me to forget the short but delightful experiences that in support of J. C. Williamson and John E. Owens brought me under the management of A. M. Palmer, alike distinguished for his good taste and business sagacity in dramatic affairs. After a long illness, which debarred me from all active participation in dramatic work during the winter of 1908, I rise again with strength renewed and energies repaired, eager and anxious to resume my duties in my chosen path of labor.

Mary Sedley Smith.

The Latest Victor Records

An Italian Song by Caruso. Lo Schiavo—Aria Americo—A. C. Gomez. Caruso's records of Italian ballads have been very popular with the public, even rivaling his operatic numbers. Another of these songs is offered this month, and it is one of the most attractive of the series. The number is one which Caruso used with great success on his last South American tour, and is by a famous Brazilian composer.

An Operatic Novelty by Alda. In Italian. Loreley—*Ah, dunque ei M'amera*—Catalani. This opera by Alfredo Catalani (1854-1893) was to have been one of the Metropolitan's novelties for the 1911-12 season, but was not produced. The work was brought out in Turin in 1890, and in a revised form in 1900. London heard it first in 1907, with a cast including Selma Kurz, Journet, Bassi and Sammarco.

A MacDowell Melody by Zimbalist. Long Ago—MacDowell. This young Russian violinist cannot complain of any lack of warmth in the reception accorded his first American tour, as the audiences were most numerous and enthusiatic. The more one hears this young artist (he is only 22), the more complete is the impression of his seriousness of purpose—none of the posing, sensational straining for effects which have marred the work of many artists.

Another Gluck-Homer Duet. Stabat Mater—*Quis est homo*—Rossini. The poem of the Stabat Mater (Lamentation of the Virgin Mary), one of the finest examples of medieval Latin, is supposed to have been written by Jacobus de Benedictis in the thirteenth century. Besides the plain-chaunt melody used in the Roman church, there are many musical settings; but by far the best known is Rossini's great composition, first performed in Paris in 1842 with Grisi, Albertazzi, Mario and Tamburini. Rossini's work has been criticized as being too operatic in style for church music, but it is undoubtedly one of the grandest of church compositions. The duet *Quis est homo* is one of the most celebrated of the numbers, and its noble strains are effectively given by these two singers, whose duets have set a new standard in the recording of women's voices.

Two Interesting Gluck Records. Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark—Bishop.

Natoma—Spring Song—Redding-Herbert. This air, the gem of Mr. Herbert's successful American opera, occurs in Act II, immediately after Barbara's arrival at the fête with her train. It is a brilliant song of happiness, love and springtime, with an exquisite accompaniment, in which Mr. Herbert has woven the songs of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the breezes of spring with marvelous skill.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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An American Oberammergau

(*Continued from page 122*)

independence of expression; for, while the keynote will be ethical, many themes may come within these categories which may not suit the taste of the powers that be in church and state. Gifts will, of course, be welcome—provided they are given unconditionally—even from the unrighteous Mammon; there is deep wisdom in the teaching that we are to make ourselves his friends. No better use can be made of "tainted money" than to employ it in ways which shall make it difficult if not impossible to accumulate more of the same kind.

It is not likely, however, that much of this kind will be forthcoming, and fortunately it will not be needed; for the material needs of this enterprise are already in sight; in fact, are to all intents and purposes assured. If they could be procured in no other way, it would be possible to do so on a strictly business basis; for after a most careful and conservative calculation it has been found that a suitable theatre in the right locality could be built, maintained and amortized on its expected earnings, capitalized as high as 10 per cent. This would include even a pension fund for the participants. But it would only be possible if the first condition, the fundamental one, is fulfilled; namely, the freely-given services of all who engage in the enterprise. This means that no one will be making any profit out of it, but on the other hand the assurance of a decent living is given, not only during the period of activity, but also in sickness and old age. This is more than is the lot of the vast majority of men and women; more, even, than the lot of most artists.

This, however, should not be the incentive of anyone who expects to participate in such an endeavor. On the contrary, what is needed is artists of proved ability, even of reputation and fame, if possible, to whom the material question is a negligible one. This does not mean, however, that lesser lights would not be wanted. Indeed, not only artists, but artisans also, and even the unskilled, will be welcome, for in the theatre many activities are needed. The sacrifice on the part of the artists, especially the prominent one, would be greater, perhaps, but in proportion would be their privilege for service and their opportunities for full realization of their art, which under present conditions are given them most scantily and rarely, for their environment is less conducive to the development of the finer faculties than that of any other body of artists—indeed, it is all but destructive. For this reason, if for no other, the establishment of such an institution would be of enormous value. It would give the participants an opportunity for the exercise of their art which it is impossible at present to attain.

The present means do not suffice to cover the artificiality of the stage. We feel that behind all this splendor there is a woeful poverty of purpose. The men and women who are sounding the sentiment of a great poet are in reality only too often poor puppets animated by vanity, ambition, or greed and gain. What is needed is the weight of personality behind the words—personality not only of the poet, but of the player. Into the presence of such consecrated effort the spectator would come as before high priests of God; would enter the playhouse as he enters, or ought to enter the church. What we need, therefore, is the combination of the perfect poet, the perfect playhouse, the perfect players—perfect not only in art, but in ethics—men and women who would rise above vanity and greed, confining themselves to their needs, contenting themselves with a minimum which would suffice to keep them in health and strength for their great work.

This is the price which will have to be paid for the redemption of the stage, the price that is always demanded where any redemption is attempted: Sacrifice, the giving up of the lesser for the greater, the joyful offering rendered at the altar of humanity and God. Who is willing to pay this price, to render this offering? Many will be needed, for as yet only the nucleus of a company has been found, and it is not the intention to be confined to one company. Such consecrated theatres are needed in every center of population, and once the possibility and the practicability of one establishment of this kind is proved, many others will spring into existence. The call is therefore sent out for volunteers who are willing to serve on behalf of a great cause. Primarily, dramatic artists are needed, but other helpers will be welcome.

CHARLES JAMES.

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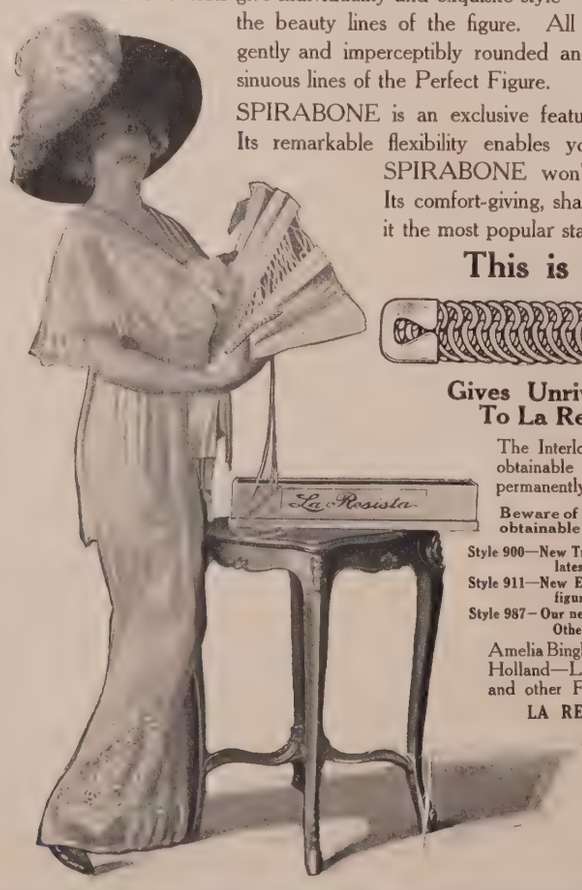
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America's Richest Actress

(*Continued from page* 116)

she told her friends she was tired of acting, had made enough money, and intended to enjoy life. The public at first did not believe that its favorite comedienne and soubrette was in earnest. They had grown to expect farewell tours, with a fanfare of trumpets, but Lotta never appeared on the stage again. She went to Boston, one of the cities which had been most cordial in her support, bought a home and settled down. Except for occasional visits to Europe and to California, Lotta has lived in Boston for the past 25 years, and her old associates and friends always look her up when they visit Boston.

One of the most beautiful features of her retirement at present is the homage paid her by a certain theatrical element of the elder generation, who knew her in the days when her name was a household word and who treat her to-day with the same respect, obedience and courtesy that the present generation would bestow upon any one of half a dozen prominent women stars of the present day. A box at any Boston theatre is always at her disposal, and there isn't a Boston manager who doesn't meet her at the door when she arrives and who does not personally escort her to her chair of honor.

Lotta to-day is 66 years old. This on the authority of one who has known her most of her life, who has been associated with her in business, and who himself admits that he is but three months older than she is—John B. Schoeffel, hale, hearty and active, whose boast it is that he is the oldest theatrical manager to-day in America who is still actively engaged in the business.

After her retirement from the stage with a fortune which even then ran into the millions, Lotta endeavored to find amusement and interest in a dozen different ventures. She backed her brother in a number of enterprises which failed. Her mother invested money in many wild-cat mining schemes which proved worthless. Lotta herself at one time owned a racing stable, racing under the name and colors of her brother, but personally active in directing the enterprise and enthusiastic over the outcome of each race. This cost her a pretty penny. She has given liberally to charity, has aided hundreds of her former friends in the days of their adversity, and yet withal has been a shrewd business woman.

After the death of her mother, Lotta was compelled for the first time in her life to handle her own business affairs, and here she proved skillful and clever. In one deal alone she made over $500,000—curiously enough, from her old friend, Mr. Schoeffel. When the firm of Abbey & Schoeffel ran perilously near the rocks of bankruptcy, and their creditors almost threatened to sink the ship, money was badly needed. Abbey & Schoeffel owned the Park Theatre outright, having paid $150,000 for it. When cash was needed badly they tried to sell. The best offer they could get was $100,000 cash from Lotta. Others would have paid more in time, but Abbey & Schoeffel needed cash. They sold to Lotta. Within three years the Park Theatre was assessed at $300,000, and to-day Lotta pays taxes on the property for $600,000.

Lotta was never married—almost a miracle when one considers that her youth, beauty and charm fascinated an entire nation, and that she was deluged with the attentions of hundreds and thousands of admirers. But watchful mother kept the admirers from worrying daughter too much. Perhaps there is a grim note of pathos in this guardianship of a mother for the breadwinner of the family. Undoubtedly Mrs. Crabtree feared that if Lotta should marry, her capacity as a moneymaker would suffer, and that perhaps the reins of management and the bank account would be taken from her own careful hands. At any rate, all wooers were carefully "shied away," and Lotta was condemned to a life of celibacy. There is a story told, too, that Lotta was disappointed in an early love affair in California, and that memory of this disappointment made her resolve never to listen to any other wooer. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that throughout her successful career she turned down many matrimonial offers and remained a spinster.

Those who knew Lotta in her younger days declare that she was a perfect picture of what Billie Burke is to-day, with perhaps just a little more of the suggestion of a soubrette. If one could imagine Billie Burke with all her beauty, acting skill and fascinating charm, coming on the stage in short skirts, doing a clog dance and then playing the banjo, one can conjure up a

picture of what Lotta of a generation ago was like.

To-day Lotta still has the reddish hair. She still has the same kindly smile and the gentle disposition which endeared her to the hearts of the American public. She lives quietly in one of the two hotels she owns in Boston. The summer she spends at her large stock farm about thirty miles from Boston. She serves all milk, eggs, butter and poultry from her farm at the hotel. This is one of her hobbies, and the menu cards bear an announcement to the effect that all dairy products come from "Lotta's Farm," as it is officially known.

While the hotel is leased to a manager, Lotta reserves for her own use a beautiful suite of rooms, and it is said that no detail of hotel management escapes her. If she notices that a bell-boy calls the name of a guest in a tone too strident for sensitive ears, she will see that the boy receives instructions in decorum. She dines alone in the café of this hotel, as a rule, and guests of the hotel who know her by sight feel greater confidence in the food they are eating when they know that Lotta selects her meals from the same bill of fare offered them. In a hundred small ways, Lotta makes her presence felt in the hotel which she owns, and which just now is one of her hobbies. Her oldtime love for her profession finds a manifestation in her instructions to the manager that all theatrical people who are guests of the hotel must receive special consideration and—usually—special professional rates. This order has resulted in making the hotel a general rendezvous for all theatrical people who, not knowing Lotta personally, regard her affectionately as she moves about the lobby or the café. But there are hundreds of other guests not posted on theatrical history, who perhaps gaze curiously at the smart-looking, almost prim, elderly lady with the reddish hair, not knowing that this unassuming, quiet, lovable spinster was once one of the most famous actresses in America; the only one on record—except Mary Anderson—who ever retired at the height of her career, and the only one, without any exception, who ever made millions of dollars by her art.

WILL A. PAGE.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Players of the Film Drama

(*Continued from page* 112)

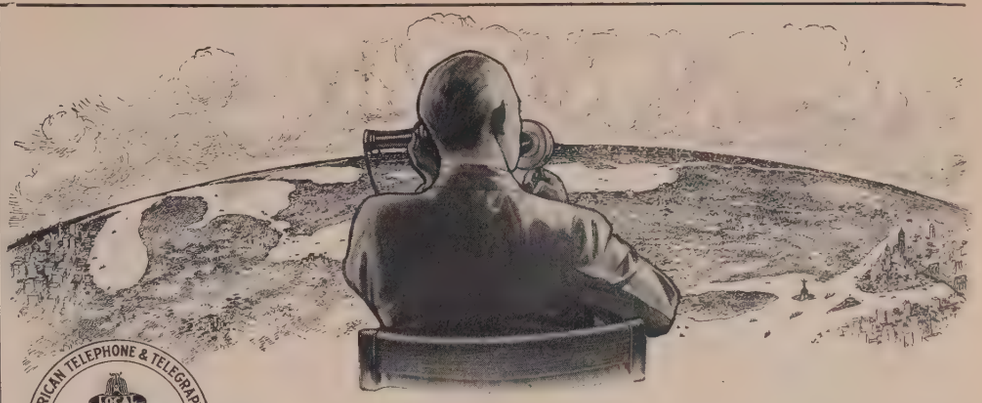
pleasant experiences, all of which come in the progress of making picture plays. Some very delightful trips have fallen to the lot of the photo-players. One of the leading companies was sent to the Thousand Islands last summer, where they spent several months taking pictures on the Islands and in Alexandria Bay. Companies have visited Bermuda, Florida, Mexico, California, and one was sent to Ireland to produce a famous Irish play on Irish soil. Recently players journeyed all the way to Jerusalem, where they spent the summer reproducing Biblical stories.

In contrast to these features, there are times when they are called upon to do trying and more or less hazardous things—such as dueling, capsizing in boats, riding bucking horses and jumping out of windows. An actor occasionally undergoes the sensation of having a wagon-load of kegs or bricks fall on him, or he may have to jump through a coal-hole. These latter methods are familiar in comedy pictures. Almost any of the prominent picture players can recite some thrilling experiences they have had or accidents that befell them, from some of which they do not always emerge unscathed.

Miss Mary Fuller, one of the Edison Company's leading women, tells of a time she was called upon to ride horseback in a picture when the steed provided was not the usual jaded livery stable horse but a real bucking bronco, hired from a circus. She says: "I was riding full-tilt when suddenly the horse just stopped—a habit with broncos. But I kept right on. Never would I let a little thing like that impede my progress." She might have broken her neck, but luckily came off with only a sprained back.

An actor in one of the prominent film companies says he was once asked to roll down the side of a slanting roof and hang by his hands to the edge until a dummy could be substituted for the fall to the ground.

The leading people of the film stock companies are clever in their line of work, and they give some very remarkable portrayals, considering the short time they have in which to prepare each part. A few of the famous characters that have been successfully played in motion pictures are Napoleon, Becky Sharpe, King Lear, Sydney



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by WILLIAM T. PRICE
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She daintily sips and sips:
"I drink to your health, to joy and to wealth,
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And to this I drink,—bid your glasses to clink,—
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Those who play in the film drama have the advantage of permanent employment—fifty-two weeks constituting a season for them, whereas on the stage a player nowadays may only work twenty or thirty weeks out of the fifty-two. When an actor once secures a position with a film producer he thinks twice before he returns to the legitimate. The salaries received are about equal to those of the stage, the leading people being very well paid.

The question has been raised as to whether moving picture acting unfits one for future work on the regular stage. There are arguments pro and con, but the subject does not worry those concerned, as there is a good future in their present vocation.

Nothing seems impossible to the motion picture producer or player. Recently a well-known company, in presenting a photo-play of "The Corsican Brothers," succeeded in having *both brothers, who were played by the same actor, appear in the picture at the same time!* The result was very weird and remarkable.

Among the most popular favorites in motion pictures are Mary Fuller and Marc McDermott, of the Edison Company; Maurice Costello, John Bunny and Florence Turner, of the Vitagraph Company; Gene Gauntier and Alice Joyce, of the Kalem Company; Mary Pickford, of the Biograph Company; G. M. Anderson, of the Essanay Company, and Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin Company.

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Staging a Popular Restaurant

(*Continued from page* 104)

and "sinkers" upstairs to the ladies' diningroom, which, however, is not in use during the action of the scene in the play, it being around midnight.

The only parts of the stage restaurant that are not exactly the same as the original, are the walls, floor and ceiling. Inasmuch as the scenery has to be transported on tour, these could not be of tile, but the walls are the next thing to it, and absolutely defy detection, even from the feel. They are made of a hard rubber-like asbestos composition that is at once fire-proof and possesses a tile-like appearance. This back drop wall of the restaurant scene provides a splendid rear fire curtain, should the theatre ever take fire.

An asbestos canvas painted to represent mosaic tile is used for the ceiling and the floor. This scene is the most fire-proof ever presented in a theatre, and marks a new era in stage scenery.

Even to the electric arc-lights hanging from the ceiling, the scene is an exact replica of the original restaurant, formed of its actual parts. On the large show window by the griddle heater is the name "Childs'" writen backwards from the audience, and showing properly from the outside. Not the slightest detail has been overlooked to make this scene an exact counterpart of the eating-place that is so familiar to everyone.

With the fixtures installed and the stage Childs' open for "business," the next step was to provide food for the patrons. Mr. Belasco has scored as a stage caterer before, as recall to mind the realistic spaghetti-eating scene in "The Music Master." Never would he stand for sawdust eatables, nor "pre-digested" food, either. Of course, with a complete restaurant equipment on the stage, he could cook the necessary things right there in plain view, as is done in any Childs'. So far so good, but he had to have food—various breakfast foods, puddings, pies, cake, sandwiches, bread and fruit an hand, and in their usual places.

Again he arranged and contracted with the Childs' Restaurant Company to supply their new eating-place on the stage of the Republic Theatre with food, just as each of the real restaurants is daily supplied from the main plant. This is what is done at every performance. If the unwary don't believe it, just wait around the stage door before a performance and see a Childs' wagon drive up and deliver a load of trays and pots and kettles containing food enough to run any of their usual sized restaurants.

It has proved a bonanza to the players, who know that they will get something to eat in that scene anyway, and don't mind so much if they have not time to eat before coming to the theatre. Already, many of the Company are about to form themselves into the "Baked Apple Club," so fond are they of this part of the Belasco-Childs' bill o'fare. Mr. Belasco and William Elliott, his young co-producer of this play, too,

are keen on this part of the performance, and always try to arrange to be at the Republic in time to help eat the baked apples, a huge pan of which greets the eyes of the audience in this scene at every performance.

During the rehearsals before the opening of "The Governor's Lady," the Childs' scene paid for itself in providing meals for all hands, doing away with the usual caterer, and the tables and camp chairs in the lobby of the theatre. Not so much time was lost over meals, either, for the genuine atmosphere of the scene seemed to instill the players with that hurry-up "quick-lunch" pace that pervades the real Childs'.

Charles Frohman would delight in such a scene in all of his plays at rehearsal time, for he has said that "a rehearsal accompanied by a sandwich is progress, but a rehearsal interrupted by a meal is delay."

There is only one man at the Republic who is not altogether satisfied with the stage Childs'. He is the property man, and he says that taking care of a restaurant and keeping track of real dishes and food is somewhat outside the province of his experience. But, nevertheless, he is thinking seriously of going into the restaurant business in the summer time when things are dull theatrically, and of opening up a quick-lunch place at a nearby summer resort. He says he hates to let the experience go to waste.

Another thing that for a time theatened a strike at the Republic was that the scrub women have more to do during the run of "The Governor's Lady" than formerly, since they must wash the dishes used in the last act.

In pointing out the details of the scene, Charles Emerson Cook, Mr. Belasco's envoy extraordinary to the press, committed the unpardonable by remarking in all seriousness that it was no "Child's play" to devise this scene.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 102)

48th STREET THEATRE. "LITTLE MISS BROWN." Original farcical comedy in three acts by Philip Bartholomae. Produced on August 29 with this cast:

Day Clerk, Ned A. Sparks; Porter, Tom Lemonier; Telephone Girl, Rae Bowden; Eulalia Burke, Terese Deagle; Mr. Burke, Charles Stanley; Philip Dennison, Richard Taber; Bellboy, John F. Heins; Miss Wendel, Ellen Mortimer; Little Miss Brown, Madge Kennedy; Night Clerk, Sidney Macy; Maid, Mattie Ferguson; Richard Dennison, William Morris; Mrs. Dennison, Olive Harper Thorne; Joseph Clews, George Pauncefort; Robert Mason, John Bowers.

A playwright once tried to temper a complete tragedy with a complete comedy and failed; in much the same way Philip Bartholomae, the capable young author of "Over Night," has endeavored in "Little Miss Brown," to write a farce upon a tragic situation. Little Miss Brown arrives in a strange town at midnight, and failing to find her financé awaiting her, applies to a hotel. She is refused admittance because she is alone, and because she has no money. By the advice of the sympathetic telephone operator, she appeals as a married woman to the night clerk who has just come on duty. A porter blunderingly identifies her as the expected Mrs. Dennison, and without objecting, Miss Brown is sent to the apartment reserved for that lady. Mr. Dennison arrives at the hotel, expecting to meet his wife, and to receive money from an uncle who is staying there. In the belief that Miss Brown is his life partner, he is sent to the apartment. They occupy adjoining rooms all night. In the morning the real wife appears, discovers the situation, and sends for her lawyer, who happens to be Miss Brown's financé. The husband, compelled to send for his attorney, selects Miss Brown's other gentleman friend. The financé renounces Miss Brown, and she surrenders her engagement ring. The other young man declares his absolute faith in her, whereupon she transfers her wavering affection to him. In the meanwhile, in order to get the money from the uncle for Dennison, Miss Brown poses as the wife, and the real wife pretends to be her mother. When the truth comes out, Miss Brown compels the uncle to deliver the money to Dennison by threatening to tell his wife of his all night escapade at a sporty inn. She concludes by declaring herself an adventuress who tried to blackmail Dennison, whereat the jealous wife forgives and condones with her husband, and the lawyer for the defense takes little Miss Brown into his arms. Miss Brown's innocence is poorly established—even the intelligent efforts of Madge Kennedy, who portrayed her, cannot redeem the girl. Innocence, in the sense of purity, is not established by a condition of ignorance. Her free use of hotel conveniences, her staggering order of Manhattan cocktails for the sake of the glacéd cherries in them, her calm

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appropriation of the candy Dennison has brought his wife, with no money to pay for what service she is given, are more cheeky and bold than thoughtless. Generally speaking, however, the scenes are good; and their humor would be much stronger in appeal if the horrible taint on the honor of a pure girl did not hang over everything like a pall. Another thing that prevents continuous interest is that the ends of acts and scenes are too weak and too general to bridge the intermission with any suspense. Ned Sparks scored a distinct hit as the bored-to-death day clerk. As is common in all Brady productions, there is an abundance of "bit" or episodic parts. William Morris presented a very convincing Dennison—more than can be said of Olive Harper Thorne as the wife. The rest of the company was quite capable, special mention earned by Charles Stanley as the uncle and Mattie Ferguson as the maid.

HARRIS. "THE MODEL." Comedy in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on August 31 with this cast:

Peabody, Harry Lillford; Clarence Amberg, Reginald Mason; Louise, Gail Kane; Mrs. Lange, Alice Gale; Duncan Coverly, Frederick Perry; Otto Dykman, Joseph Tuohy; Emile Bergeret, William Courtleigh; Adele Witherspoon, Catharine Calhoun; Mr. Witherspoon, John Findlay; Eggleston Witherspoon, George Clarke; Celeste Bergeret, Viola Flugrath; Madame Bergeret, Ffolliott Footman, Patsy McCoy; Lange, Frank McCormack.

Reforms succeed in ratio to the persistency of the conditions at which they are aimed: states of affairs that have ingrained themselves in the human race from the first even unto the last generation, demand proportionately patient and intelligent opposition. A wisp of straw cannot prevent the ebb and flood of tides; and the frail young woman presented bp Augustus Thomas in his latest play, "The Model," can do no more to disprove a basic idea in human nature than the unmarried woman who stands unclothed before a man, is to be condemned, if not for her act, for her criminal intentions.

Duncan Coverly, an artist, loves Louise, his model, but is engaged to marry another woman. His friend, Emile Bergeret, a novelist, advises him to marry his financée and continue to love the model. This Duncan will not do, a fact that Bergeret is thankful for when he learns that Louise is his own daughter. Louise is driven from the household of Duncan's fiancée, where Duncan has secured her employment, because she has been a model for one of his nude studies. Accordingly the artist renounces his bride-to-be, —who loves another anyway—and marries Louise. The play affords Mr. Thomas an excellent opportunity to expound a few phases of his broad, altruistic philosophy that has made his plays generally of a high intellectual order. A more living, more lovable character than Bergeret is difficult to imagine; the rest of the characters are real, too—every one, from the boy with the changing voice who is forbidden to look at the curtained study of the nude, the carefully trained little girl who has been educated to find the beauty in art, the reporter who salutes every male stranger as colonel or captain, to the model whose love is self-sacrificial, the artist who will not tolerate hypocrisy even generally, the selfish financée and her tantalizing cousin. In the same way the "The Seven Ages of Man" may be the opinions of Launcelot Gobbo rather than of Shakespeare himself, so may these characters possess better titles to their utterances than the author of their being. But the purpose of the play as a whole is a message from Thomas. The great qualities of his thoughts are contempt of all that is foul-minded, mean and sordid, and a love of truth and the realized ideals of man as opposed to essential worldliness. No one can doubt the truth of his views on art, for he was an illustrator before he became playwright. But people are too much confronted with the unclean in life to accept the contention that woman may appear nude before man and remain virtuous. He has Bergeret draw the distinction between the naked and the nude: the clay and the spirit; but, after all, that is not the point at issue. The vindication is for the model not the artist. It is the propriety of an unmarried woman unveiling herself in masculine presence. The conception of the artist may vindicate his clean mind, but not that his model, who cannot see with his eyes, and whose state of mind, at best, is only that of trust in his honor. "Honi soit qui mal y pense" may be argued, as well as that a prefessional model for the nude would be dramatically impossible in like circumstances; but the present model who never before posed in the altogether, could not but have a sense of shame and a consciousness of sex in the unfamiliar proceeding. To say that Thomas has

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not produced a worthy play is a gross injustice. Its scenes are animated, its characters genuine, and its dialogue cultured and brilliant. It is worthy of the interest and attention of every man and woman who cares to be elevated by their entertainment. Nothing but the highest and most sincere praise may be spoken of William Courtleigh as Bergeret. Better acting is very rarely seen. Artistically speaking, Frederick Perry, as Duncan Coverly, looks as if he was drawn by James Montgomery Flagg, which means that he is a young man of excellent appearance, aside from his qualities as an excellent actor. Miss Gail Kane makes an exceedingly, sweet and convincing model; but her slight smile, retained in trying moments, gives her an air of irony that does not belong to Louise. Katherine Calhoun is eminently satisfactory as the financée, but Reginald Mason injected a trifle too much melodrama into his portrayal of her villainous cousin. Ffolliott Paget, Viola Flugrath, Alice Gale, John Findlay and George Clarke are also notable in an entirely capable cast.

39th STREET THEATRE. "THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE." American comedy-drama in four acts by Edgar James. Produced on August 22 with this cast:

Frederick Hoffman, Malcolm Williams; Anna, Grace Reals; Harry, Ralph Morgan; Beatrice, Mary Servoss; Alston, Forrest Robinson; Mr. Valentine, Lawrence Eyre; Barbara, Helen Reimer; Mrs. Curtis, Eva Randolph; Bettina, Florence Reed; Theodore Sevigne, Pedro De Cordoba; Senator Stevenson, Benjamin Graham; Rose, Ella Rock.

We have so often been presented with erring and misguided wives upon the stage, that a return to neglectful husbands is a relief. However, the nature and duration of this relief depend upon the circumstances of the neglect. That a respectable man may be swerved from obligations met for twenty-five years to a home-loving family by the seductiveness of a charming young interloper may be proven in the theatre; but it is a moot question outside.

The moral of all this is that men whose wives have stood by them faithfully through the years, should learn to appreciate them. It is not so much an assignment of mastery in a home to husband or wife as it is a definition of those qualities necessary to the authoritative head of any household. An excellent company were cast for the parts, and acted with sincerity and conviction. Forrest Robinson, beloved by many as the old druggist-inventor of "The Fortune Hunter," was admirable as Alston, the lawyer. Malcolm Williams made Frederick a genuinely sympathetic figure. As the second wife Florence Reed gave a delicate characterization, for she succeeded in ingratiating herself with her audience as well as with her employer without antagonizing either. Helen Reimer made the unnecessary figure of Barbara, the old servant, living, and almost won her a place in the action by her careful and excellent work.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." Musical romance in two acts. Music by Franz Lehar; lyrics by Adrian Ross and Basil Hood; American libretto by Glen Macdonough. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

Juliette, Frances Cameron; Pierre, A. Percy Woodley; Raymond, Wm. L. Hobart; Brissard, Fred Walton; Foyot, Russell Simpson; Nicholai, Harold J. Rehill; Sidonie, Ida Van Tine; Coralie, Evelyn Westhook; Count of Luxembourg, George L. Moore; Pelegrin, F. S. Humphrey; Mentschikoff, Wm. C. Reid; Paulovitch, Harry W. Smith; Grand Duke Rutzineff, Frank Moulan; Angele Didier, Ann Swinburne; Registrar, Fred Bishop; M. Valmont, A. P. Woodley; M. De Tressac, Harry Johnson; Minette, Bessie Gross; Lisette, Eleanor Scott; Eleurette, Dottie Wang; Clairette, Beth Harrison; Princess Kokozeff, Gladys Homfrey.

"The Count of Luxembourg," the much-heralded comic opera which for the last year has been sung all over Europe, has at last reached our shores. Franz Lehar's music always makes a strong appeal, and while it is not Lehar at his best, as revealed in "The Merry Widow," nevertheless there are enough wattzes and sentimental songs to mak it a popular success. The highly improbable libretto introduces the Grand Duke Rutzineff, who is in love with Angele Didier, a famous prima donna. His uncle, the Czar, will not allow him to marry a woman of low rank. A title must be obtained at any cost. A marriage is therefore arranged between Angele and the Count of Luxembourg, and they are united without seeing one another, only to be divorced after three months, when it would be a simple matter for the Grand Duke to marry the Countess. They meet, fall in love, and the divorce does not take place. Angele remains the Countess of Luxembourg and the Grand Duke marries the Princess Kokozeff, to whom he has been engaged for some twenty odd years.

This new operetta has brought forth two new artists, who immediately won the hearts of the audience. Ann Swinburne not only looks An-

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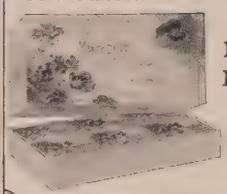

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gele, but her voice is of excellent quality, and she uses it with skill and discretion, and in addition acts extremely well. A real tenor that looks young and also sings well is a rare occurrence these days in comic opera, and George L. Moore is doubly welcome on that account. The solo in the first act, "Day Dreams," sung by Miss Swinburne, and the duet, "Love Breaks Every Bond," alone would fill the house. Frank Moulan as the Duke was extremely funny. In his two songs, "I Am in Love" and "Rootsie Pootsie," he put the audience into hysterics. Frances Cameron and Fred Walton acquitted themselves with credit in the parts of Juliette and Brissard. As a production it is all extremely beautiful. In the hands of such capital pilots as Herbert Gresham and Julian Mitchell we had the right to expect perfection and we got it.

ELTINGE 42nd STREET THEATRE. "WITHIN THE LAW." Play in four acts by Bayard Veiller. Produced Sept. 11 with this cast:

Sarah, Georgia Lawrence; Smithson, S. V. Phillips; Richard Gilder, Orme Caldara; Helen Morris, Catherine Tower; Edward Gilder, Dobson Mitchell; George Demarest, Brandon Hurst; Mary Turner, Jane Cowl; Detective Sergent Cassidy, John Willard; Agnes Lynch, Florence Nash; Joe Garson, William B. Mack; Fannie, Martha White; William Irwin, William A. Norton; Eddie Griggs, Kenneth Hill; Inspector Burke, Wilton Taylor; Thomas, Arthur Ebbetts; "Chicago Red," Arthur Spaulding; Dacey, John Camp; Tom Tupper, Edward Bolton; Dan, Frederick Howe; Williams, Joseph Nickson. Policemen, Detectives, etc.

The study of criminology in its romantic aspects is engaging our dramatists. Mr. Bayard Veiller comes to the front, for the first time, with a very successful venture into the domain of vice made entertaining, but not exactly instructive, with "Within the Law." The title of the play is in the nature of satire, suggesting as it does the methods employed by all respectable rascals, but it is not made altogether clear in what meritorious way the heroine of the play acts always "within the law." She is a much persecuted girl, and in one particular she executes her revenge with great ingenuity without being criminal. She secretly marries the son of the shopkeeper (the owner of a large department store) who had "sent her up" for the felonious appropriation of articles of comparatively small value, but sufficient to constitute a criminal offense. Another girl was the real culprit. After her release this heroine becomes the associate of thieves and blackmailers.

Jane Cowl, as the shopgirl, gets sympathies with her emotional declamations against the injustice of insufficient wages, and in reality is always in the position of sinning less than she has been sinned against. In the logic of crime she is unanswerable. The most interesting character in the play, in performance, is a babyfaced criminal, a pretty girl in the early twenties or less in years, who has not been sinned against, unless it be a sin of punishment to put young offenders in those prisons where they have every opportunity to graduate into the profession of vice. However, there are no moral lessons to be drawn from this play. Florence Nash, as this young criminal, is captivating in naturalness of her acting. Surely she is not applauded by way of commending the character. It may be said that the play is not to be taken seriously, and that consequently one may yield to the enjoyment of it without self-reproach.

PARK. "MY BEST GIRL." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, score by Clifton Crawford and Augustus Barratt. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Police Officers, Jack Potter, James O'Neill; Harry Perkins, Harrison Garrett; Mrs. Wellington Bollivar, Florence Edney; Col. Wellington Bollivar, John Hendricks; Beatrice, Olive Ulrich; Samuel Brown, Harry Williams; Capt. Robert Denton, Harry Fairleigh; Gus Bludge, Frank H. Belcher; Daphne Follette, Harriet Burt; The Little Stranger, Coralinn Waide; Richard Vanderfleet, Mr. Crawford; Dora Lane, Rita Stanwood; A Sergeant, Louis Baum; Tommy Langham, Willard Louis; Grace Carr, Bessie Bell; Gwendolin Le Monde, Eileene Marshall. Shoppers, Moulin Rouge Girls, Salesmen, Soldiers, etc. Staged by Sidney Ellison.

Comic opera impresarios will not hereafter be compelled to go abroad for their books if the literary firm of Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf is to be continued. Foreign invertebrate concoctions would in many cases seem to have had their day; and it is only right they should be displaced if native talent can turn out such a bright entertaining and witty show as "My Best Girl," which serves Clifton Crawford as a star at the Park Theatre. Here is a capital story full of comic movement and humorous stage surprises. A young man about town gets into trouble, to evade which he assumes the name and identity of a deserter from the U. S. Army. Of course in his new personality he is apprehended and then his troubles as a recruit begin. Richard Vanderfleet is an admirably drawn character, and the lively spirits, acrobatic agility and reserved

comic expression which mark the light comedy acquirements of Mr. Crawford find abundant opportunity for usefulness in a constant succession of funny scenes. The lyrics are really brilliant in their apt application; the score however, is not up to the standards of the rest of the show, but to it Mr. Crawford has contributed a couple of numbers that have the necessary popular lilt and melody. The star is ably supported especially by Rita Stanwood who makes a refined and appealing figure as the heroine, while Harry Davenport gives one of his familiar and neatly sketched pictures of a gallivanting army officer. Edward Nicander as a chauffeur and Harry Fairleigh as an army captain do excellent work.

DALY'S. "Discovering America." Play in four acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced on September 7 with the following cast:

ROME

Peter Delafield, Lewis Waller; The Principessa Teodolinda Fabriani, Miriam Clements; Sir Edgar Lambourne, Reginald Dane; Lady Lambourne, Ina Rorke; The Countess Christine Schomberg, Suzette Cotta; Cardinal Rovetta, Henry Carvill; George S. Brown, John Alden; Ernesto, Albert Prisco.

NEW YORK

Ruth Dix, Madge Titheradge; Mamie Fogarty, Elene Foster; Albert Marsh, Edward Wade; Willie Jenkins, Malcolm Duncan; Howard Harding, F. I. Kirk, Gus, Master David Ross.

There are many qualities in Lewis Waller to be admired, his courage to assume the responsibilities of a producing manager, his readiness to undertake a moderate part that his fellow players may shine by their own light, but above all his attitude as a loser. No one could countenance defeat with a better grace or feeling that creditable effort had been expended to achieve success. "Discovering America" gives full opportunity to observe all the qualities named. It contains some good scenes and some poor ones made effective by excellent acting.

The plot is carelessly thrown together, with many possibilities ignored and makeshift devices employed to make it cohere. Most of the characters are episodic, and, in one or two cases, quite superfluous. The play shows America at a strong disadvantage. The comparison of the good side of one country with the poor side of another, is obviously unfair. We are slangy and rude, perhaps, but not quite so unreservedly as Mr. Knoblauch would make it appear. But that is not where the shoe pinches; the reason for the failure is because the play itself is a very inferior piece of theatrical property. Lewis Waller made Peter as living a figure as possible out of the available material, as did Madge Titheradge with the more living part of Ruth. Elene Foster, Malcolm Duncan and Suzette Cotta interpreted the other important parts intelligently and with discrimination.

HIPPODROME. Many superb spectacles have been seen at the Hippodrome, but it is safe to say that this season's show is the most elaborate of any yet presented at that popular place of amusement. Entitled "Under Many Flags," it has music by Manuel Klein, scenic equipment by Arthur Voegtlin, the drama itself being written and staged by Carroll Fleming. The audience is taken around the world and given a glimpse of every country under the sun. The trip begins at Washington, showing the lawn of the White House, and after that we are taken to the parade grounds at the Naval Academy at Annapolis to watch the manœuvres of a field battery. Then the scene quickly shifts to Europe. We are in a beautiful fishing village on the coast of Brittany, where incidentally one enjoys a grotesque acrobatic specialty by Messrs. Patrick and Francesco. From there the spectator flies in an airship over a large city by night, and before he knows it he is in Berlin watching Dippy Diers appearing in his break-neck table act, assisted by the Hippodrome clowns. From Berlin he goes to Holland, Moscow, Scotland, Pekin, until finally the traveler returns to America and sees a tornado level a town in Arizona. The show ends with a superb ballet, entitled "Flowers of All Nations," in which hosts of beautiful girls dance in beautiful costumes.

COMEDY. "Fanny's First Play." Play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced September 16 with the following cast:

THE INDUCTION.

Servant, Valentine Penna; Cecil Savoyard, Tim Ryley; Count O'Dowda, C. H. Croker-King; Fanny O'Dowda, Elizabeth Risdon; Mr. Trotter, Walter Kingsford; Mr. Vaughan, Maurice Elvey; Mr. Gunn, Frank Randell; Mr. Flawner Bannel, Lionel Pape.

THE PLAY.

Mr. Robin Gilbey, Sydney Paxton; Mrs. Gilbey, Kate Carlyon; Juggins, Walter Creighton; Dora Delaney, Eva Leonard Boyne; Mrs. Knox, Mary Barton; Mrs. Joseph Knox, Arnold Lucy; Margaret Knox, Gladys Harvey; Lieutenant Duvallet, Herbert Dansey; Bobby, Quentin Tod.

It matters not whether the program throws doubt upon its authorship, no one but G. Bernard

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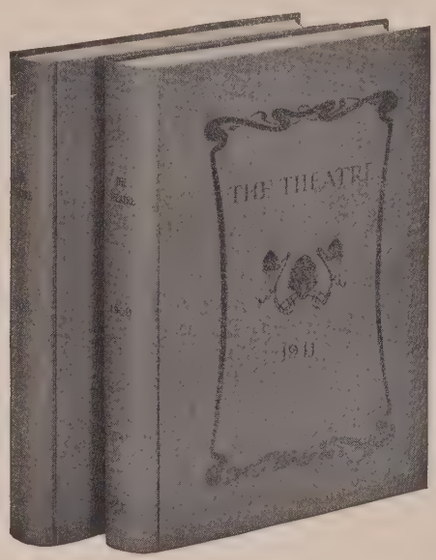

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Shaw could have written "Fanny's First Play," and if one likes Shaw, here is the Shavian cynic and philosopher at his daring best. Fanny O'Dowda, daughter of a Count of the old regime, writes while at Cambridge a play which her father promises shall be acted by real actors and reviewed by real critics, the authors' identity of course, being concealed. As an induction, O'Dowda, the courtly æsthete of pre-Victorian days, has an interview with the very commercial theatrical manager of modern times, who cites the methods he employed to get the critics there, a colloquy of delightful wit in its contrasting values. Then come the critics, cheerful satires on the originals of London, in which more fun is poked at their pomposity and ignorance.

The curtain draws and "Fanny's First Play" begins. It is a satire on two smug puritanical British middle-class families. The younger representatives are tentatively engaged, but each gets into a scrape and are respectively sent to jail. The boy has yielded to the fascinations of Darling Dora, a music hall favorite, and the girl has carried on a perfectly harmless flirtation with a French naval officer. The consternation of their parents is presented with much humorous force and the various family councils provide the author with numerous opportunities for the display of his characteristic cynical observations. Nothing escapes his biting satire, convention, religion, sociology, politics, all make "copy" for him, and the result is dialogue that fairly corruscates with scintillant wit. The dénouement is particularly Shavian. The boy pairs off with Dora and the militant daughter of the house of Knox marries the family butler, who by the death of an elder brother becomes a Duke.

Then follows the epilogue, more brilliant fooling at the expense of the critics, who, ignorant of the authorship, hesitate to commit themselves as to the value of the piece. For as one says: "If he's a good author, then it's a good piece; but if he's bad, then the play must be bad." The play is admirably acted by an English company, especially rehearsed for the production by Granville Barker. It is hard to particularize, so good is the playing, but C. H. Croker-King as O'Dowda, Walter Creighton as the butler, Arnold Lucy as Mr. Knox, Gladys Harvey as his independent daughter, and Herbert Dansey as the Frenchman, contribute characterizations truly admirable. "Fanny's First Play" is an intellectual treat.

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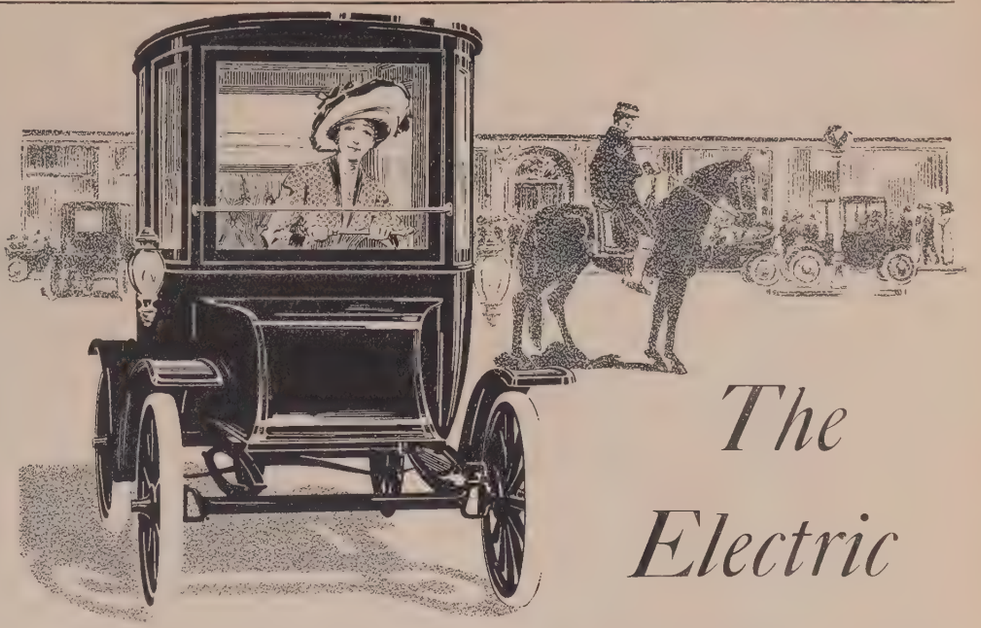
HUDSON. "HONEST JIM BLUNT." Comedy in three acts by William Boden. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

Miss Jensen, Louise Closser Hale; Thomas Y. Jones, Forrest Winant; Sol Polatek, Henry Duggan; Henry Marsden, Frank Losee; James Blunt, Mr. Murphy; Sidney Thomas, Charles Laite; Cyrus Green, Frederick Mosley; Jermyns, Charles Dowd; Madge Hale, Violet Heming; Baroness Longmetz, Muriel Hope; Henry Harmon, Frederick Bond; Charles Wilson, Harold Meltzer.

The Liebler Company on Sept. 16, at the Hudson Theatre, put over a genuine theatrical surprise when they announced the return of Tim Murphy in a new and extravagant comedy in three acts, called "Honest Jim Blunt," by William Boden, an unknown playwright. Expectations did not run high, but within five minutes after the rise of the curtain the laughs began to come, and till its final fall there was delicious fun and amusement for all concerned. Mr. Boden took "Col. Mulberry Sellers" and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," rolled them into one, and then started James Blunt upon a series of incidents that contained truth, humor, drama and pathos. A swindler in reality, but softened by a genial hopefulness, very telling, Jim had his adventures in Wall Street. A gull himself, an unscrupulous partner, left him to face the firm's angry creditors. But Jim was resourceful, and if "he had time to turn around in" felt sure all would come out right, and it did, for the bad man came back with the goods and his nephew eloped with the daughter of the big financier who was opposing him, and so Jim came into Easy Street, but for his own good and the good of his relatives it was deemed advisable that Jim should be sent to the Argentine, a fate which he accepted with easy pathetical grace. A born farceur, Tim Murphy played the title rôle with inimitable fun and skill. It was a genuine creation and ought to do for him what "The Man from Home" accomplished for W. T. Hodge. Staged by W. H. Post, the farce was played with great briskness and variety in the acting, of which valued work was done by Louise Closser Hale, Frank Losee, Charles Lait, Frederick Bond and Violet Heming. The dialogue of "Honest Jim Blunt" sparkles with fresh American wit and humor.



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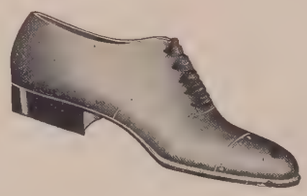

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A CHAT ON FALL NOVELTIES

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AS I was making a purchase in one of our popular specialty shops the other day I met a woman who was so successfully veiled that I recognized her only by her voice.

She is one of our favorite actresses, but she admonished me not to reveal her presence in town just yet. She confided to me that she was on her way to a well-known beauty specialist, where she is taking treatment for a slight skin eruption contracted during her ocean voyage.

Upon her solicitation I accompanied her, so we could discuss "all the news." We found the genial woman who works such wonders in the midst of preparations for moving into more spacious quarters on Fifth Avenue, which will be an advantage to her large clientele, but she graciously devoted herself to me, and while the patient was undergoing her treatment I was receiving valuable information, which I will generously pass on to you.

If you are among those unfortunates who tan in spots, in common parlance known as freckles, do not despair. You can get a freckle lotion and cream that does wonders, and if used in combination with the Madame's skin tonic you will speedily have your usual soft, creamy complexion restored.

If you are too impatient to await permanent results, there is a lotion you can apply which will effectually cover up the tan while you are under your treatment.

But the specialist informed me that she has just perfected a preparation that will remove tan in "the twinkling of the eye," which will be a boon to the vacationists who are now returning home and will so soon take up the social life where good complexions are essential.

Those of you who have not minded the tan, but do find consequent scaling so annoying ought to use the cream that so quickly obviates this roughness of the skin, and, by the way, this is an excellent cleansing cream, too. It is very mild and just the thing for a sensitive skin.

I should like to have learned more of the secrets of beauty, but the appearance of my companion terminated our interesting conversation.

"Now that I have company, I believe I will do some shopping," she exclaimed, and then followed an afternoon of sartorial surprises, for the Fall stocks were just coming in.

First of all there were the lovely evening coats. Those for limousine wear are, of course, more decorative than useful and are made up of chiffon, handpainted tulle, silver brocade and beads.

My companion suddenly exclaimed, "There is a wrap copied from a Drecoll model. I saw it at the Paris opening."

It was a beautiful, full-length coat beaded in white and black effect on white chiffon. The black beads form a wide border panel that ends in a graceful front drapery, and the back falls in long, straight, narrow lines. The collar and deep cuffs are of the black beads, and the coat is lined with soft white silk.

In the more serviceable wraps the velvets and plushes are prominent. The linings are generally costly, and a feature of these is that the upper part of the coat lining is usually different from the lower.

The much-discussed panniers seems to have been relegated to the evening coats this season. One in sage green velvet has the pannier outlined with white marabout, a favorite trimming for evening garments, and bandings of the same fur edge the entire wrap.

"Drecoll is showing the most beautiful velvet mantles this season, and most of them are fur trimmed. And I wish you could see the lovely display of wraps that Poiret is making," remarked my companion. "This house, you know, is noted for its mantles. Most of them are fur trimmed, but there were many evening wraps of brocaded silk or velvet trimmed with wide bandings of gold braid and lace.

"Gold seems to be a prominent color this season. I remember two gowns worn in the New Theatre in London in 'Ready Money.' Miss Hilda Antony appears in the sweetest yellow chiffon. It has a band of gold lace from beneath which falls a wide band of the loveliest old tinted lace. This is caught by a blue satin flower at the side. And then the bodice is beautifully trimmed with gold lace and a deep yellow belt finishes the exquisite costume. In the same play Miss May Whitty shows the preference for gold in a superbly handsome coat of rich black and gold brocade and a toque of gold lace with a black velvet brim and nodding black plumes."

"Miss Lydia Billbrooke wears a handsome brocaded evening coat glittering with gold in 'Find the Woman,'" I interpolated. "Are her gowns really so handsome?"

"Yes, they are all you hear about them, and she is certainly the best-gowned woman on the London stage this season. One of her creations is a brocaded silk in exquisite pastel shades. The slashed skirt is outlined with dark marabout, which also forms one

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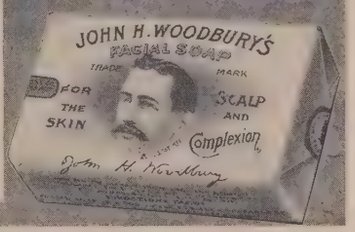

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THERE'S art in woman's attire—the gown proclaims the woman. The woman may select the gown, but the gown has its sure effect on the thought, action and character of the wearer. And our characters influence all whom we meet.

Dress is the chief factor in environment. And environment shapes, molds, colors and tints our lives. Wise dressing means poise, good taste, health, happiness and sweet content.

The well-dressed woman blesses and benefits herself—and the world—for she adds to its joys.

And we cannot imagine a woman well dressed without Naiad Dress Shields. They add the final assurance of cleanliness and sweetness.

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Mrs. Adair will have removed her New York Salon to the above address by October 1st; the additional space and light demanded by a steady growth of patronage has made it necessary to move from the

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Every effort has been made to have the new establishment surpass in every detail of equipment and appointment, and it will be found to contain many distinctly new advantages. The Salon is extremely commodious, its windows extending across the entire building.

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An early visit to the new Salon and an inspection of its many interesting features is anticipated with pleasure.

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shoulder strap over the pale chiffon short sleeve. The preference for contrast is shown in the other sleeve and shoulder straps of pearl beads, which also forms the bandings on the corsage and the skirt slit trimmings. A puffed mass of the chiffon is artistically arranged on the skirt where the velvet and pearl bandings meet in an exquisite combination. A sash of the chiffon falls from the end of the fur shoulder straps to the foot of the skirt.

In the evening coat you just mentioned, the gold lace forms nearly the entire sleeve, and a broad band of the same outlines the pannier of the coat. "But I want to get a white evening coat," and after a little search she found a beauty in a cream white broadcloth.

Both the cut and trimming are so novel that I must tell you about it. The entire back is outlined in round scallops underlaid with a fold of black satin. The deep coachman's pelerine is similarly edged. Long, narrow rever trimmings of black satin are ornamented with white broadcloth buttons. The sleeves are especially unique, the under portion being edged with the scallop trimming and the upper part, which is about six inches longer, being cut with a square edge that falls gracefully as a sort of straight flounce. It is an extremely picturesque theatre coat that can be had in any color combination.

Before leaving this exclusive shop we stopped to admire the teagowns, for this place specializes upon and is noted for its negligée garments. These ranged from the dainty little robes to just slip on in the boudoir to the elaborate gowns that are now considered correct for all informal home gatherings.

There was an elegant one in a small dotted cream net, over an old rose foundation of messaline, that ends in a wide foot border of the most exquisite pattern. This closes down the front with small rose silk buttons. An overdress of heavy brocaded crêpe de chine in old rose is shorter in the front and shows a novel trimming in a wide band made up of narrow folds of matching rose silk in a lattice design. This edged the sleeves and bottom of tunic, where tiny balls of the silk fall from the points of the lattice. A "V" inset of the same at each side of the front opening ends in a shower of the balls. A frill of the net, finely tucked, is bound in silk and falls from the bottom of a gathered, collarless yoke of the net where the overdress is attached.

The charming effect of this combination and the exquisite lines produced in the development of the garment are indescribable, and so I was not surprised when my companion emphatically announced, "I am going to have a copy of that model before the season is over."

A charming white charmeuse negligée seen there has a long fichu with tiny tucks and a hand-worked open silk stitching along the hem. The back forms a sailor collar that is edged with a heavy lace banding and ball fringe. The long pointed ends in front are finished off with silver tassels. The seams of this garment are ornamented in the open-work stitching that is quite a novel and pretty finish.

Tunics are still much in evidence. In the tailored gown they are in flat effects and often fall over plaited skirts. One in black broadcloth we saw that day has a tunic front and a back panel that ends in side plaits. The black velvet band outlining the low neck opening of the cutaway coat gives the garment a soft touch. A novel vestee and standing collar is of Gobelin blue velvet and silk braid, combined in a basket weave that is delightfully pretty.

In the dressy gowns tunics are popular. Miss Katherine Kaelred, who, by the way, is wearing some exceptionally pretty costumes in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," wears a most attractive gown in the exquisite combination of mauve and old gold, which is made up of a chiffon tunic over a satin skirt.

Miss Hazel Dawn has been wearing a sweet little gown in "The Pink Lady." It has a long, narrow, cream serge tunic that is open at the side and reveals the underskirt of black and white horizontal striped silk. This also shows below the front of the tunic. The pretty gown is in Empire effect and the combination idea is beautifully carried out. The striped silk forms a novel vest and the broad sleeve banding, as well as a piping for the serge belt that fastens in front with a pearl buckle.

The pannier has developed into many adaptations of this mode. Miss Hattie Williams in "The Girl from Montmartre," at the Criterion Theatre, wears a handsome gown showing an artistic development of the pannier. The straight skirt of handsome net lace falls over an underdress of flowered taffeta. In order to preserve the long, slim lines the pannier of peach-colored taffeta is fastened to the back of the wide girdle of the same material, and the fulness is restrained at the sides by coquettish little puffs.

Another novel pannier of the stage is seen in an exquisite gown worn by Miss Gladys Hanson in "The Governor's Lady." The flat panniers are shaped like a Capuchin hood and have the points weighted with long crystal tassels that fall at each side over the skirt of white satin.

Frock of golden brown chiffon and satin. Small yoke of Gema lace

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PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio

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In one of the shops we saw the new winter coats. I especially admired a seven-eighths coat in chiffon plush. It had the belted back and a soft crush collar. It was of a lovely mole shade.

Have you noticed what a strong predilection the new colorings have toward the fur tones? There are the soft brown shades and the taupe, lynx and grays. At the recent Paris openings it was apparent that rich, warm colors are to be brought to the fore. Callot shows a strong favor for the reds, even to the vivid flame color or "Satan" red, as it is sometimes termed.

In London "carrots" has sprung into sudden popularity. It is a cross between brick red and vermillion, for which no more appriate name could be found; and now a new color in Paris is called "The Garden of Allah," because it looks so much like the "Garden of Allah" sand. It is a brownish tan tone, very soft and beautiful, and has won the hearts of the Parisians.

As we passed one of the shop windows my companion remarked, "Isn't this idea of white mourning just the best thing ever?"

We stopped to admire the beautiful white crêpe hats, the crêpe and chiffon wraps and the ravishing neckwear in white crêpe and net.

Now that Miss Kaelrid looks so charming in her white mourning at the Lyric Theatre, this idea, which was recently introduced by the widow of John Jacob Astor, will, no doubt, find widespread favor, and it will not be surprising if some day white will be the adopted mourning in our country just as it now is in China.

Smart riding outfit. Habit of gray cord, black derby and patent leather boots. White pique stock and extra heavy riding gloves. Tan crop with silver trimmings

Ravishing effect of soft crepe de chine in a lovely rose shade, richly brocaded and made with a full drop of fine net. Tucked panel at front and wide band of beautifully woven lace show under lattice work of ribbon with ball drops. This exquisite model is a most recent importation

"I want one of those striped flannel kimonas. Have you seen them?" queried my actress friend. I directed her to a shop where there were the softest negligées in delicate colored stripes. The attendant showed us one in the loveliest gray and pink, banded with soft gray silk, and she told us they were kept busy supplying orders for these from the Vassar girls who are loyal to the alma mater colors.

The customer, however, decided she would prefer having one made up. I immediately recommended the Viyella flannel, which wears so well and does not shrink. We were astonished and delighted at the immense range of exquisite patterns. There were stripes in every conceivable shade and combination on white and colored grounds. The black stripes on white are very smart. Then there are black and navy grounds with white stripes, which make such nice suits for Southern wear. My companion chose a

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delicate lavender with white stripes for her kimona, and then she selected a light tan ground with a brown stripe for a blouse to wear with her brown suit, and I imagine the combination will be quite fetching.

There are the plain Viyellas, too, in white and many beautiful tones, polka dot effects and checks and plaids, among which the black and white effects are particularly noteworthy. The Tartan plaids are beautiful, and there are smart effects in the blues and pale greens that are largely used for hunting and motor skirts. And then we spied a pile of the most exquisite woolens with contrasting silk stripes! The texture of this material is unusually soft and the colorings most beautiful. It seems the ideal material for a handsome serviceable shirtwaist, such as will be much used for general wear when the weather grows cooler.

Our next purchase was gloves, and, of course, one pair had to be those smart white kids with heavy, broad, black stitching and the pearl clasp. Most of the new gloves have those pearl clasps, and the long evening gloves have the cutest little buttons of pearl in the ball shape. There are three of them, and they give an air of distinction to the glove. There was a large assortment of kid gloves in the pretty gold shades that are now sharing honors with the whites.

We also stopped to select a few collars. Of course, we had to have the latest novelty, and that is the Medici collar. This is simply a high stock with the frill of lace falling over the back, which is but another variation of the popular Robespierre genre.

Some of the new collars have small pelerines of silk or satin attached to a standing collar, with a deep Medici single or double ruff of tulle.

By this time we were both foot-sore and weary, and while I preferred to hasten home and rest, our favorite theatre star elected to stop in at the foot specialist's to have her feet "restored," and, of course, I was urged to "just come in for a minute."

I did not regret it, because the foot doctor, who is a hand specialist as well, gave me much valuable information.

I learned of a nail polish that works wonders. It is applied with a camel's hair brush, and it will give the nails that desirable sea-shell tint and a gloss that will remain for two or three days.

I saw a hand lotion that ought to be on every dressing table during the coming cold winter days. It effectually cures chap and quickly removes all roughness. It is both healing and soothing, and an excellent preparation for keeping the hands soft and white.

I was surprised to see my companion return from her treatment so quickly, and she joyfully exclaimed, "I feel like a different person now!" And then, as we walked on, I heard all about the excellent foot tonic that brought about this speedy result. A single application will take away that tired feeling, and it promptly relieves aches and allays inflammations. It is an effective remedy for the burning and nervousness which is so annoying. "And when I get those dreadful crampings of the toes this foot tonic helps me right away," said the lady. "I cured a bunion with it and I use it for every ache and pain I have. In fact, I would never be without the preparation. It quiets the foot nerves and so at once relieves the ache and weariness. You see how quickly I recovered now, and my feet did ache dreadfully when I went into the Doctor's parlor."

That ended our day's shopping tour, and when I reached home I found this query, "Please tell me a good place to purchase riding accessories and what is the latest in evening neckwear?"

Since the Horse Show is so near at hand I thought you would be interested, and so I am publishing my reply.

In a secluded corner in one of our prominent Fifth Avenue shops there is a good-sized room devoted entirely to the outfitting of riders. There are small rooms for fittings, and here every convenience is afforded for selecting everything from the especially designed underwear to the handsomest riding habit.

Exclusive materials are used in the development of habits, and they make a specialty of Priestley cravenetted fabrics, in which an extremely smart habit can be purchased for less than $40.

For evening the correct neckwear is the standing collar and the satin puff tie, either in black or white. By the way, this firm is showing an exclusive model in hats. It is a helmet shaped derby and can be had in either black or brown felt. The tricorne is a natty little head-gear, too, and admits of such variety in adjustment that it is becoming to any face. Particularly smart are those with Oxford crowns and plain black brims.

I almost forgot to tell you about the pretty gowns I saw in "The Girl from Montmartre." As this play now starts on a tour through the country you may have a chance to see them.

Smart costume of leaf green broadcloth, trimmed with scalloped flouncing. Hat of white Antique plush with sprays of Paradise

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It is difficult to single out the prettiest costume of Miss Hattie Williams. A coral chiffon shows a delightful development of the pannier. A drapery falling gracefully over a petticoat of the same is caught low on one side with buttons and over this the pannier, attached to the waist in small pleats, extends in an uneven length which is outlined at the bottom by a narrow band of skunk. The bodice is striking in its simplicity, the modest V-neck being outlined by a collar, that falls deep in the back, of matching shadow lace. Fur bands outline the short sleeves.

The hats of Miss Williams are especially noteworthy. One in black satin has a rolling brim and two white plumes overlaid with black numidia, which is one of the most pleasing methods of carrying out the black and white idea.

In "A Slice of Life," Miss Williams wears a superb tea gown of amber satin over which there is an artistic drapery of a floral-bordered lavender chiffon graduating from a white to the deepest purple at the edge. Shadow lace, about nine inches wide, forms a charmingly applied frill that passes diagonally across the entire costume, losing itself at the right shouder.

Miss Moya Mannering is a veritable model in fashionable girlish gowns and a decidedly pretty one, too. Her wedding gown was the acme of youthfulness and a charming model for a young girl's dancing frock.

It was of white silk voile slashed at the left side and worn over a petticoat of fine lace that formed pleats in the slash opening. With the movements of the wearer there were glimpses of tiny pink rosebuds that peaped out from the lace frill of the petticoat, which is a popular style-note this season. The dress is extremely simple, made with a round décolleté bodice and a long open front tunic. All the edges have a wide trimming of spangles in the form of the Greek key pattern, a foot band of the same also outlining the slash edges where a cluster of pink roses just conceal the joining.

Just as I was leaving the last shop I visited, a show case of fans attracted my attention. They were the small celluloid fans, prettily cut out in fancy designs and handpainted in dainty floral patterns. The reasonable price, fifty cents, surprised me. I immediately purchased one and it is my first contribution to the "Christmas Shelf." There are cute little bags of satin especially made for these fans. These, including the fan, are 75 cents, and others containing pretty small feather fans are $1.

And I really must tell you about the very latest stockings. Of course they are sheer silk and there is the daintiest of lace insets right over the instep. The lace is of a pattern especially designed for this purpose and starting a few inches from the toe extends upward about ten inches. One pair show the chanticleer in the center surrounded by an artistically traced pattern.

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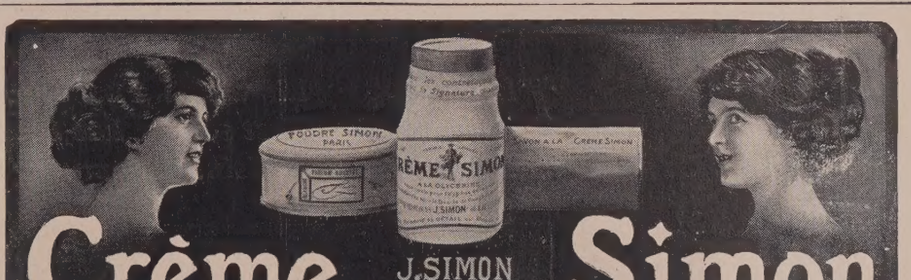

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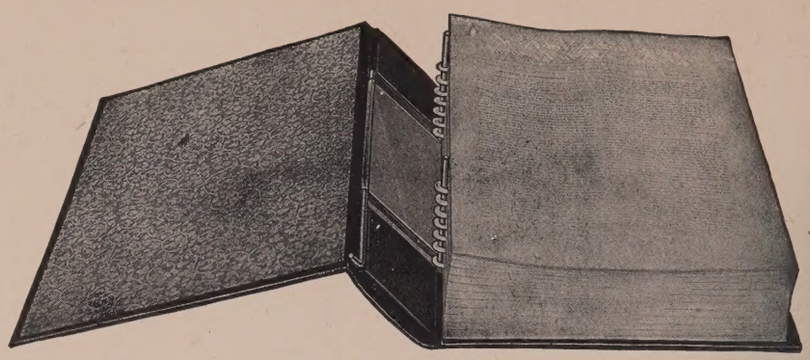

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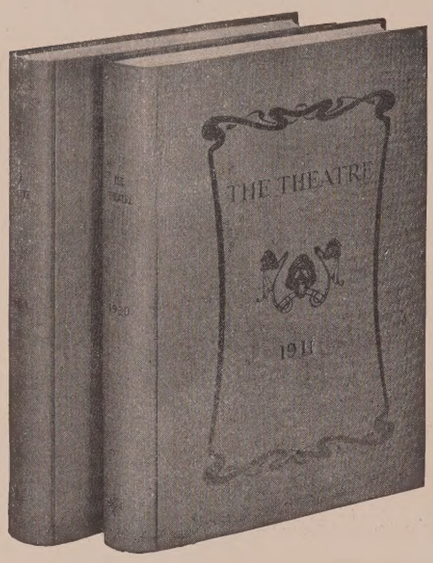

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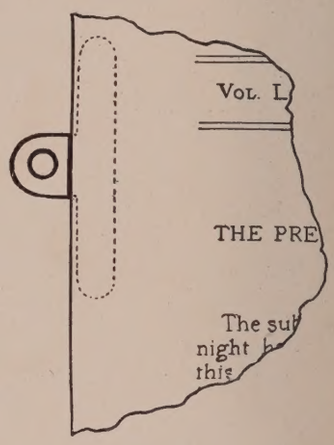

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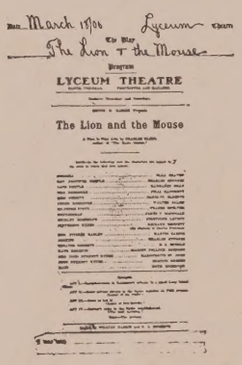
March 17/08 Lyceum
The Lion & the Mouse
LYCEUM THEATRE
The Lion and the Mouse

Specimen Pages

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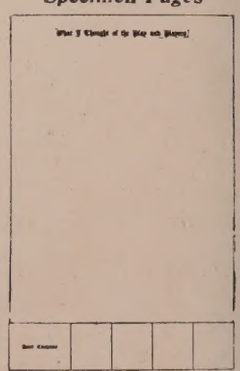

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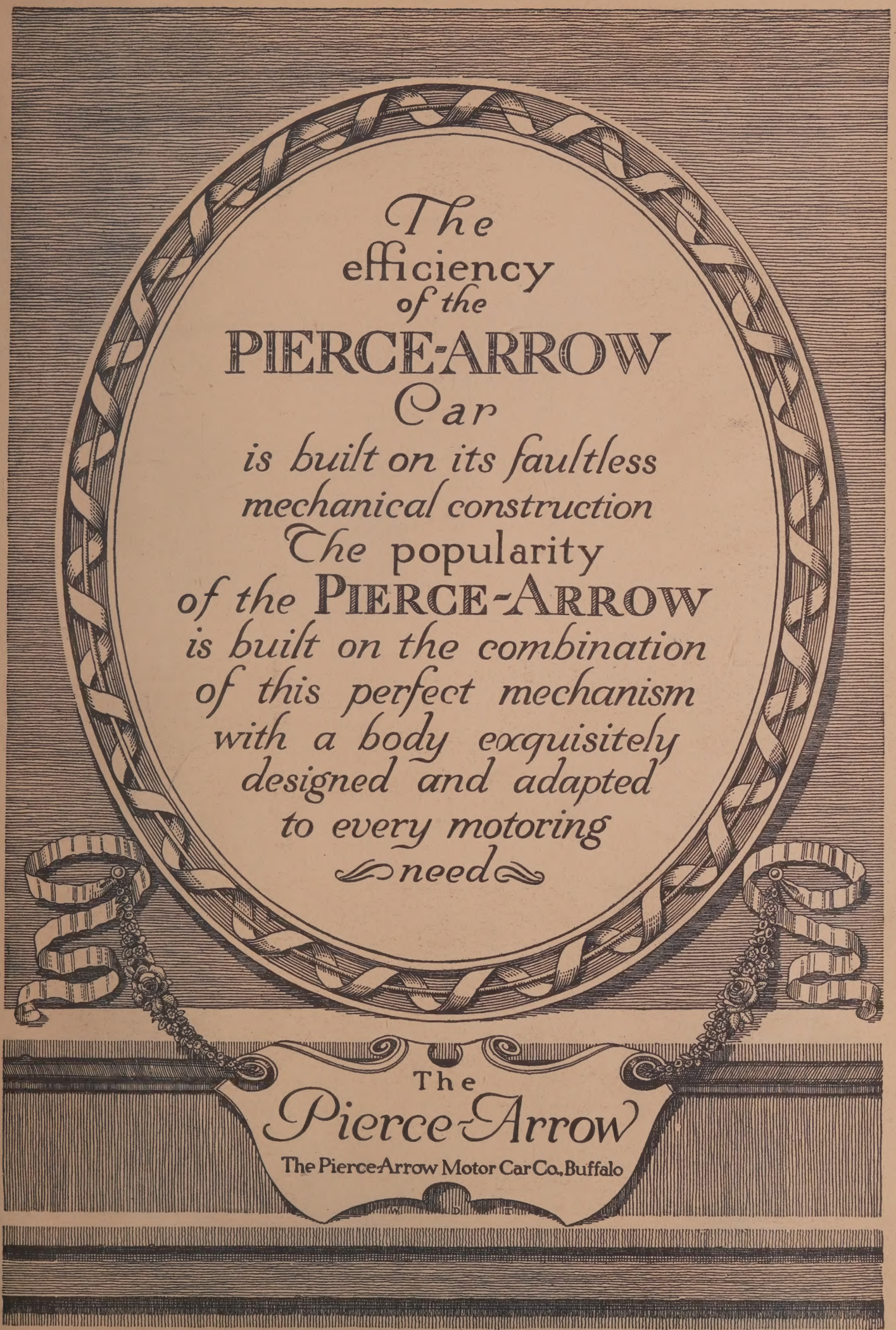
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